Week ending December 6 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Audrey Erskine Lindop's great new novel

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Another "ESCAPE—OR DIE" adventure: The Charmed Life of Tony Snell, by Paul Brickhill

"Oh, Grandmama! What strong white teeth you've got!"

Wolves eat foods that are tough and hard. That's why their mouths are so healthy.

Hard foods—not soft easy-to-eat foods like ours. Soft foods lead to soft gums, soft gums to gum infections . . . *and gum infections cause the loss of more teeth than decay.*

Don't risk gum infections ruining *your* teeth. Brush your teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR, the toothpaste specially made to keep teeth sparkling *and* gums healthy. SR definitely fights gum infections.

It sparkles like your smile!

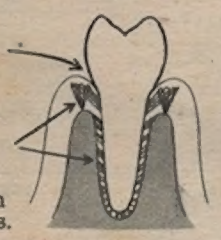
An SR smile has an extra sparkle, a sparkle people can't help noticing. And SR polishes your teeth safely—without damaging the protective enamel.

Question: IS WHITENESS ENOUGH?

A. No. Gum infections can attack the whitest teeth.

Q. *How do gum infections affect the teeth?*

A. Infection starts between the teeth and gums, destroys the fibres that hold the teeth in the gums, leaves the teeth loose and useless.

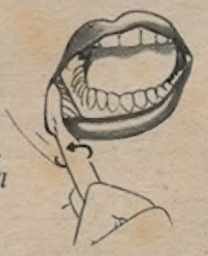


Q. *How does SR fight gum infections?*

A. SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate (or SR). And brushing with SR toughens up the gums to resist infections, does for your gums what hard foods do for the wolf!

Q. *What is the best way of brushing the gums?*

A. If you brush the way dentists recommend—the way this diagram shows—you are brushing your gums *as well as* your teeth.



Q. *Do dentists recommend Sodium Ricinoleate?*

A. They do more than recommend it. They actually *use* it to clear up infected gums. SR soaks into infected gums, fights infection *from within.*

Be quite sure your teeth are safe. See your dentist twice a year and brush teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR twice a day.

WHITE TEETH NEED HEALTHY GUMS

Gibbs S.R. FOR BOTH

GR 265-1345

EDITORIAL

Home dangers

EVERY day twenty people are accidentally killed in the home. This is six more than the average on the roads and fifteen more than at work. In other words, the 7,000 people who suddenly meet death in their homes every year present the gravest of all accident problems.

These facts come from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, which for the last five years has had Government backing in its attempt to make people more careful.

Now, solely as an "economy" measure, the Government has cut the subsidy from £1,500 this year to nothing.

SAYS Mrs. Winifred E. Duncan, manager of the Home Safety Department: "This is bound to affect the work we do. But there will be no curtailment of enthusiasm and effort."

MRS. DUNCAN
Warning the public . . .

The excellent pamphlets and posters put out by the Society warn the public that four-fifths of the victims are either young children under five or elderly people over sixty-five: those least able to look after themselves.

Suffocation kills more than 600 young children a year. Falls kill some 3,000 old people.

Burns and scalds account for one in ten of the deaths. And, while there is no knowing how many people are hurt but not actually killed in home accidents, more than a million have to go to hospital every year.

THE tragedy is that so much of this suffering is preventable. Ninety per cent of burns treated in one hospital happened when no fireguard was in use.

The only hope of bringing down these appalling figures is by intensive publicity.

Fixed fireguards, reliable step-ladders, cots without pillows, well-lit and cleared stairs, great care with hot things; these safety rules must be made instinctive.

MR. BARNET JANNER, M.P., is angry about the cut in the Society's grant: "It is utterly absurd for the Home Office to take it away. The £1,500 should be substantially increased, not cut out."

He is pressing the Home Secretary to inaugurate a Home Safety Week, on the lines of Road Safety Weeks.

The Government gives £60,000 a year to the road safety section of the Society. This would be money well spent if only a single child was saved on the roads.

But it is money wasted if nothing is done to ensure that the child is not burnt, scalded, drowned or otherwise killed in his own home.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHILE Douglas L. Mays was painting this cover (inspired by his youngest daughter, whose birthday he is never allowed to forget) he heard his idea used as a radio joke. "Coincidences like this often happen in my profession," says Mays, who is also a well-known *Punch* cartoonist. Some of his jokes were shown—alongside those of another JOHN BULL contributor, Leslie Starke — in the recent exhibition of *Punch* cartoons held in New York.

Give your face a Happy Xmas too!

Just casually mention that you'd like a Remington Contour 6 electric shaver for Christmas. It's the gift of the season—and one that will last you a lifetime! Contour shaving has to be experienced to be believed. No blades, no lather, no bother. Just plug in—and click, you're Contour Shaving. Ask your dealer for a demonstration or write for illustrated leaflet.

FOR THE PERFECTIONIST! Ask for Remington PreShave and After Shave lotions to complete the perfect Contour shave!

Click and Sin Shaving

REMINGTON Contour 6

the gift that lasts a lifetime

REMINGTON RAND LTD., DEPT. S46, 1 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

ALL for 48/- a year

1 Generous Sick Pay when you are ill

2 Free stay for TWO weeks in Convalescent Home—and fares paid

3 Lump sum at 65

In the ordinary way 48/- a year won't go very far. But it will when invested in the "Alternative Benefit Section" of the National Deposit Friendly Society. If you are between 16 and 45 years of age, that 48/- a year provides you with extra income whenever you are ill; pays for your stay in a convalescent home; becomes a generous lump sum at 65. This is undoubtedly the finest value for money today and is an opportunity you should know more about without delay. Fill in the coupon now for full details, and post TODAY.

NDFS
National Deposit Friendly Society
58/62 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1
ASSETS: £21,500,000
MEMBERSHIP NEARLY ONE MILLION

COUPON
To National Deposit Friendly Society
58/62 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.
Please send me full details of your "Alternative Benefit Section".
Name .....
Address .....
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4/8/2

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DECEMBER 6, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2423 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

How little can a good watch cost?

TO PUT it another way—how do we manage to offer you this splendid new range of Kelton '21' wrist-watches at such easy-to-afford prices? There are three answers. Kelton '21' are made in an ultra-modern factory where top efficiency lowers costs. They are made on the same high-precision machines used for making high-priced watches. They are British-made and free from duty. See these handsome, wonderfully reliable watches at your jeweller's. *Compare them, try them on, judge for yourself!*

26 NEW MODELS

in chromium or 'Algold' cases with or without sweep second hands, luminous or non-luminous.

LADIES' *from* **60/-**
MEN'S *from* **55/-**

OTHER KELTON '21' FEATURES: Temperature-compensating hair-spring. Shock-resistant. Unbreakable glass. Finest leather strap. Luxurious gift box. Manufacturer's Guarantee.

Kelton '21'

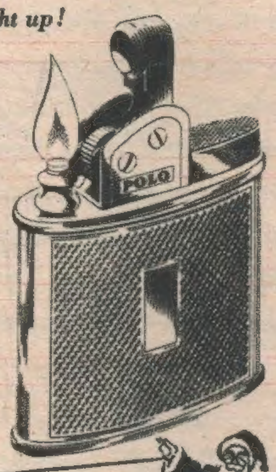
Send for illustrated leaflet which also shows the* TIMEX 'CINDERELLA' *and* 'HOPALONG CASSIDY' *wrist-watches, to

U.K. TIME LIMITED, 49 OLD BOND STREET, W.1

The
Low Price Lighter
with the
High Price Look

POLO FROM **18/6** FULLY GUARANTEED

Press down—Light up!



A pleasure to give and to own—serving you faithfully with its "press down—light up" automatic action—from 18/6.
Also available, the famous POLO Lighter with the thumb-protecting wheel—from 15/3.

Obtainable from TOBACCONISTS and JEWELLERS everywhere

Polo 'Sunfire' flints, now 6 for 4½d. and best for all lighters.

POLO LIGHTERS 88 Crawford Street, London, W.1
P.L.I.G.

Free Speech

The father who had to be mother

FOR almost a year, on doctor's orders, my husband had to give up his job, and I had to return to work. Upon my husband fell the burden of our home and three children.

It would have been a frightening prospect for any man. He had to discover the best places to shop, and not only feed and bath the children, but take them to school, to the clinic and out to play. He had to discuss problems with their teachers, and answer pleasantly when my friends inquired how the "new mother" was getting on. This humdrum routine might have driven some men crazy. It saved our marriage. For two years we had been drawing apart. When he was forced to get to grips with my responsibilities, my husband came once more to love me. We found satisfaction and a new happiness when he was able to return to his job, and I became a full-time mother again.—MRS. H. S., Sussex.

Home Help

AN estimate of £5 2s. 3d. was given to me as the cost of repairing my vacuum cleaner. I rejected the estimate, for which I paid 4s. My son, who is not yet fourteen, found a faulty electrical connection. He mended it and the cleaner has since worked perfectly.—MRS. E. E. CRISP, Woodford, Essex.

The Moving Finger

STOPPING my bus in Oxford Street, near Marble Arch, a policeman asked me to drive slowly along the next block. I did so, noticing that he was standing on the platform. Suddenly, while the bus was travelling, he jumped off, pencil and notebook in hand. He landed in the middle of a group of men selling nylon stockings on the pavement. Their "look-out" got no warning of the approach of the law.—G. R. F. Walsh, London, W.10.

In Baby's Rattle

OUR baby split one of several plastic balls which were stretched on a string for her to play with in the pram. Inside the broken ball were a dozen tiny seeds. Thinking that the seeds might be poisonous, I took the toy away from her and opened the other balls. Each one held similar seeds. Out of curiosity my husband set them in a pot. In a few weeks creeper-like plants grew from them to a foot in length. The seeds are not peas and none of our friends has been able to identify the plants.—MRS. A. GILBERT, Arnold, Nottingham.

A Kew Gardens expert who has examined a specimen of the plant believes it is Lens esculenta *Moench, popularly known as the lentil. In their natural state lentil seeds are circular in outline, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and dark reddish-brown.*

Flat-Footed

GULLS do not perch in trees ("Free Speech," November 18) because they do not belong to the order of passerine, or perching birds. Being web-footed they can rest only on a flat surface.—D. G., Broadstairs.

. . . In October I saw gulls perch in cedar trees near the salmon leap at Romsey, Hants.—O. MARTIN, Carlisle Road, Southampton.

. . . At Scawby, Lincs, black-headed gulls nest in trees.—MAURICE C. GADSBY, Burton-on-Trent.

. . . The expert at the Museum of Natural History who says that gulls are afraid of trees, amazes me. Has he ever seen a duck, swan or *any* web-footed bird in a tree? These birds have no "hind toe" with which to grip a branch, and cannot contract the tendons of their feet to the same extent as land birds.—MAJOR L. W. MILLS (retired), London, S.E.19.

Having webbed feet does not preclude a bird from perching, says the Museum of Natural History. Common and black-headed gulls have been known to nest in trees, but rarely. The web-footed tree duck of Africa and India lives in trees.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Wilfred Greatorex writes a frank, intimate portrait of

CECIL McGIVERN

The man who put new life into TV

Room To Live

WE found there was more space in the house when we changed all the doors round, so that they opened against the walls ("Free Speech," November 8). Doing this in one small room gave enough space to change it into a bedroom. In addition, the walls are saved from the children's hands and remain clean when doors are hung in this manner.—MRS. J. R., Belfast.

Not So Murky

HAVING spent the first twenty-five years of my life in London, I am amazed at the number of Americans who believe that London bathes in a perpetual fog. Most people don't believe me when I tell them that this is not true. — MRS. JOAN HOLT, 27 Tinian Road, San Francisco, California.

The average number of foggy days a year in London is twenty-six, says the Air Ministry. A day is termed foggy when visibility is less than eleven hundred yards.

Mixed Bag

IN a London cinema I bought a bag of mixed nuts for a shilling. In the darkness I could not see the contents, and discovered that they included an iron nut and bolt only when these were in my mouth. The bolt was caked with dirt and could have caused serious injury if swallowed.—MRS. MYRTLE DRUMMOND, Chelsea Barracks, London, S.W.1.

Flog To Glory

WHEN I was a boy I could not help noticing the strange influence that the eldest son of a neighbouring family seemed to wield over his younger brothers. He was vain and conceited, and always surrounded by an admiring gang of young fellows and girls. I found out the reason for his popularity. Three years previously he had been convicted of a violent crime and flogged. I wonder if those who are now urging a return of flogging know how these young thugs are admired by their contemporaries, as victims of a cruel and unjust fate. The way to stop acts of violence is not to bring back the birch, but empower the courts to impose long sentences on convicted thugs.—V. O. ELCOCK, Collingbourne Ducis, Marlborough, Wilts.

. . . Sir Harold Scott's task in obtaining new recruits for the police force (JOHN BULL, November 15) would be easier if his requirements were not so rigid. He should lower the regulation height and the age limit. The police in Paris are shorter than ours, but are they any less efficient?—MISS L. W., London, W.9.

English Costume

IT is not true that the English have no national dress ("Free Speech," November 8). For some years, the approved national costume of the Englishman has been a pair of much creased flannels, a tweed sports coat and a dirty old mackintosh, worn with or without a battered trilby. — THOMAS ALLEN, Ribblesdale Place, Preston, Lancs.

. . . Why should there not be an entirely new tartan designed for Englishmen? I suggest red, white and blue as the proper colours.—J. M., Scotland.

Advice To Santa

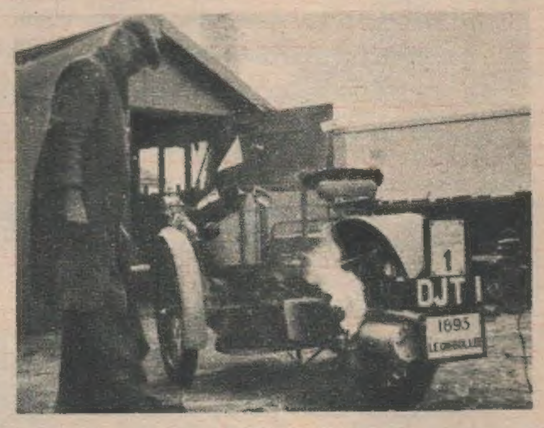
UNLIKE Mrs. Williams, of Halifax ("Free Speech," November 15) I have dared to put firewood and nails and a hammer into my young son's Christmas stocking. He was more delighted with them than with any of his other presents. This year we are giving him small tins of poster paint, cheap brushes and large sheets of brown paper, on which he can splash to his heart's content.—MRS. D. A. BROWN, Brentwood Avenue, Blackburn, Lancs.

. . . My husband nailed four wheels to a candied peel box which he bought for twopence. It gave our youngest daughter more pleasure than the coach-built doll's pram which he made for her several years later.—MRS. E. ROBERTS, George Street, Summertown, Oxford.

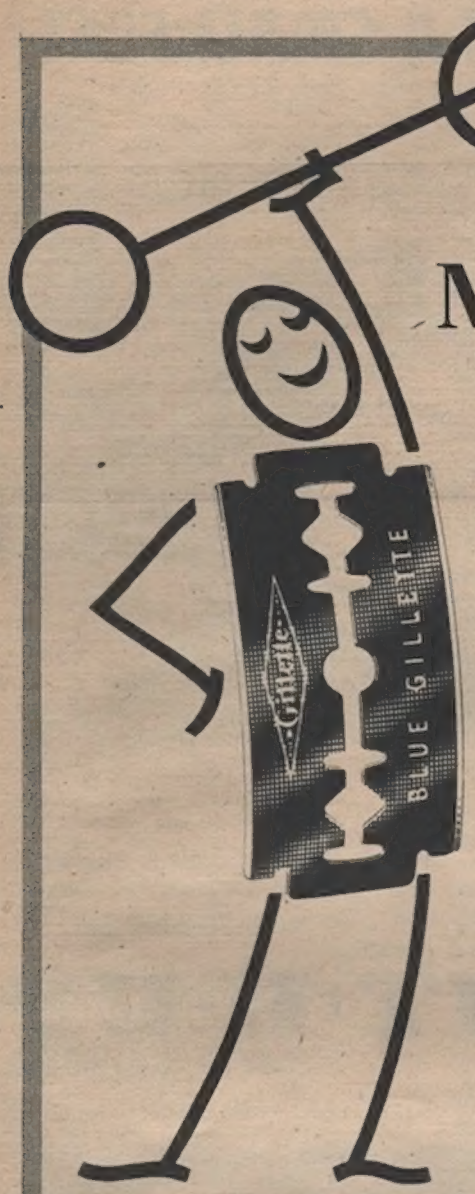
. . . My eleven-month-old son's favourite toy is the washing-up bowl filled with clothes pegs.—MRS. MARION MEPSTEAD, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

Old Faithful

THE Peugeot car on your front cover (JOHN BULL, November 15) is a baby compared with the 1895 Léon Bollée tri-car in this picture. The owner, Commander Claude Woollard, was priming the hot tube ignition at his home in Poole, Dorset, in preparation for last month's London to Brighton veteran car run.—K. ASHWORTH, Ruislip, Middlesex.



Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



Make light of your shaving

with the sharpest edge in the world

Consistency. Blue Gillette is the one blade that can never let you down. Each one is as good as the last—perfect every time.

Speed. The sharpest edges in the world make short work of even the toughest beards.

Economy. Specially toughened steel and reinforced edges mean you get more shaves from every blade. It pays to buy the best.

Blue Gillette Blades

10 Blades in Dispenser with used blade compartment 3/-

10 Blades in Packet 2/8

Good mornings begin with Gillette

WHAT BETTER GIFT FOR A BOY? 34/6

A Set of Tools designed to provide a Lifetime of Pleasure

A boy who likes making things—and what boy doesn't?—will be thrilled to receive a Hobbies A 1 Fretwork Outfit this Christmas. With it, he'll be able to make splendid models, working toys, miniature railway accessories, galleons, and hundreds of articles of use in the home. For 34/6 you'll give him not only a Christmas present but also a hobby that will provide a lifetime of interest and pleasure. The A 1 Outfit as illustrated consists of sturdy tools in a strong box, together with an instruction book and design. Everything necessary to make a start. Other Outfits from 11/6 to 62/6.

GET HIM AN OUTFIT TODAY

Hobbies

Hobbies Outfits are obtainable at good stores, ironmongers, Hobbies branches in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Southampton and Bristol, or post free from Hobbies Ltd., Dept. 45, Dereham, Norfolk. Two-colour booklet free on request.

Every man needs

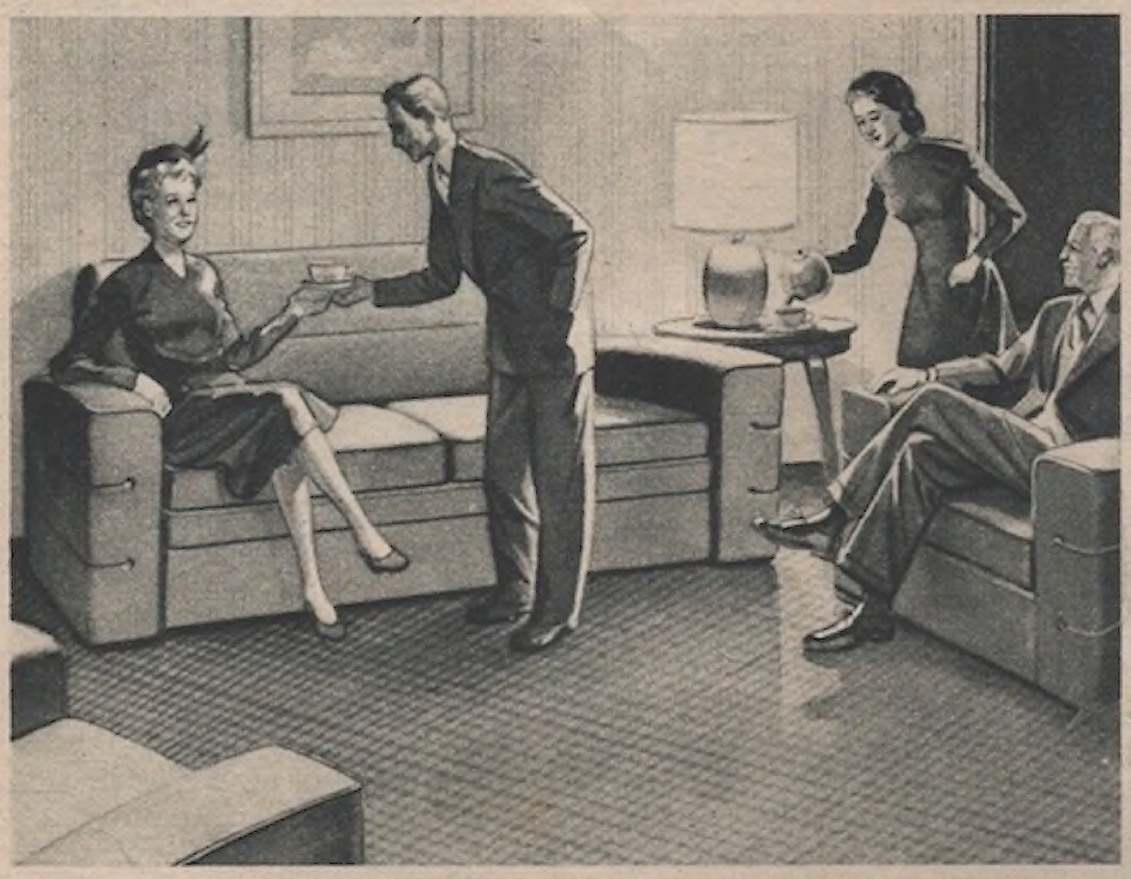
TOOTAL REGD. TIES

TOOTAL Ties carry the TOOTAL Guarantee of satisfaction. They are washable and marked TEBILIZED for tested crease-resistance

Popular (Red Quality) **3/-** Standard (Blue Quality) **4/-**
Sports (Green Quality) **4/-** Special (Black Quality) **5/-** Boys' **2/11**

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

HOW TO ENTERTAIN WEEK-END GUESTS IN A SMALL FLAT!



Put-u-up Suite 608

Beautifully furnished living room transforms into bedroom in a few seconds.

POST COUPON TODAY

for free "Put-u-up" literature to manufacturers of Blue Ribbon Furniture (wholesale only), Greaves & Thomas Ltd., Dept J.B.8, Clapton, E.5.

Name

Address

Unsealed envelope, 1½d. stamp.

Yes, you can entertain in comfort in a tiny flat—if you have a Put-u-up Suite! Each Put-u-up settee (there's a wide range of styles and prices), contains a full size double bed with rock-rigid bed-type frame, comfortable spring mattress and specially designed overlay mattress. Bedclothes can be made up inside the Put-u-up all ready for bedtime. No wonder so many couples have found that with a Put-u-up suite they can turn one or two rooms into a real home!

You buy furniture for a lifetime—so look for the Blue Ribbon on the settee back—your guarantee of a genuine Put-u-up with time-tested mechanism and all modern improvements.

Ask to see a genuine

PUT·U·UP

Regd. Trade Mark

Sold by all Furnishers

PUT-U-UP SHOWROOMS: 3 PRINCES STREET, REGENT STREET, W.1 · WOLFENDEN STREET, BOLTON

NO COUGHING TODAY

thanks to

VENO'S

IF you've a bottle of VENO'S in the house you can quickly get rid of a cough. VENO'S Cough Mixture removes the immediate causes of coughing. It soothes the irritation of a dry cough and loosens tenacious phlegm.

Whenever there's a cough in your house turn to VENO'S. It can safely be given to children.

VENO'S WILL STOP CHILDREN'S COUGHS, NIGHT COUGHS, THROAT AND CHEST SORENESS

1/8 *and* **2/10**

per bottle

Take

VENO'S

LIGHTNING

COUGH MIXTURE

For the present and always

Player's Please

50's and 100's in decorated Christmas packings

John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. [NCC 811P]

"Hände hoch!" cried a voice in the dark. Snell heard something tinkle on the road, and ducked instinctively. Then a grenade exploded at his feet

Another true story from ESCAPE—OR DIE by Paul Brickhill

THE CHARMED LIFE OF TONY SNELL

Thirteen pilots had been shot down—and all had courted the two pretty sisters. But that did not stop carefree Tony from dating the blonde one, on the eve of the Sicily invasion

ANTHONY SNELL WAS TYPICAL of the young "R.A.F. type" of good family and good school—a tall, elegant young man with that slightly absurd, very English, deprecating dry humour. Born on March 19, 1922, he was educated at Cheltenham College. Always interested in music and the theatre, he left school on the outbreak of war, aged seventeen, to tour troop camps with a concert party. As soon as he was eighteen, Snell volunteered for R.A.F. aircrew and was trained as a fighter pilot. He had just turned twenty-one when he went out with No. 242 (Spitfire) Squadron to Malta.

At the time Malta was taking its beating, two unusually pretty sisters lived near the aerodrome at Takali. One was dark, and the other was a rare Maltese blonde, and both were warmly, if light-heartedly, pursued by more than half the fighter pilots on the aerodrome—till the middle of 1943. After that, the pilots called them the Jinx Sisters and stayed away, because the two girls had thirteen pilots "confirmed." The thirteen were not smitten by Cupid's arrows. Every boy the girls seemed to favour was shot down a week or two later. It was only coincidence, but a consistent and unhealthy one: two girls and the kisses of death.

The day before the invasion of Sicily, Tony Snell asked the blonde one to dance with him at a little café at Rabat, near the aerodrome. When the fiddles and the accordion finished mangling the dance tune and they came off the tiled floor, one of the other pilots on 242 Squadron, Jack Lowther, a rugged, fair-moustached Australian, said to Snell, "You've

ILLUSTRATION BY CASWELL

had it now, Tony." Snell made a rude gesture and said: "Boloney, old boy. I'm seeing her tomorrow night." He was young, carefree and confident, and almost a caricature of the English officer fighter pilot: tall and a little gangly, with a lean, well-boned face, sensitive mouth, "operational" moustache, and the lock of hair falling over his forehead that irritates tidy men and attracts all women.

In the morning he tumbled out of bed at three o'clock to fly on the dawn show over the invasion (and was fired on in the half-light—with terrifying accuracy—by the Royal Navy). A quick lunch and he took off for the fighting again. The Sicilian bays were messy with landing craft and the hills were smudged with feathers of smoke from fires. Four Me 109s sliced out of some cloud down towards the beaches, and the 242 Squadron Spitfires wheeled after them. Snell got a quick squirt at one and saw him smoke and pull up into the cloud again. Then several pneumatic drills abruptly started hammering into the armour plate behind the cockpit; he had the paralysing shock of knowing it was happening to him, and as he reefed his plane into a tight turn saw four more 109s shooting past and curving above.

His Cockpit In Flames

The next five minutes were confused and busy, a mixture of coolness and sick fright. He twisted out of the way of one plane and another was diving on him. That kept happening; his engine was smoking all the time, and then there was fire in the smoke, the flames fluttering to ribbons behind the cockpit. He flew low over the rocky ground, saw a little green field, snapped his flaps down, cut switches, fishtailed dangerously, looking behind and in front, and then ground the belly of his plane on the field and skidded a hundred yards in a trail of boiling brown dust. He ran in the drifting dust to a little stone building about thirty yards away and barged through a rough wooden door.

The hut was full of hay, and the shells of strafing fighters started banging outside and cracking against the walls. He saw a stone trough in the hut and dived into it. Engines kept roaring low over the roof in waves, punctuated by the cannon shells exploding on and around the hut; then the engines faded and a swarthy, unshaven little man with a big moustache crawled out of the hay and looked blankly at Snell, who was lifting his head warily out of the trough.

Snell poked his head outside the hut and saw the blazing wreck of his Spitfire. A little dazedly he watched the flames move down the fuselage and devour his insignia "S" (for Snell) on the side. Cannon shells in the magazine started exploding. He felt the peasant tugging at his sleeve, turned and talked to him in French. The peasant stared speechlessly, so he took his Mae West off, pulled his survival kit out of the pocket, handed a banknote out of his money to the peasant and put a finger to his lips.

The Rumble Of Battle

The little man looked at the note, let out a startled cry and ran yelling from the hut. Snell followed him, cursing, and saw other peasants running towards them from the fields. Obviously Italians. There was an orchard on the other side of the hut, and a moment later Snell, running hard, vanished into it.

He ran and walked for half an hour across scrubby, stony ground, veering into olive groves for cover, heading south all the time, hoping to glimpse the sea. Well ahead he could hear the crumbling rumble of the battle round the beaches. He must be about ten miles from the landings and, if he were careful enough and the invaders moved fast enough, he should link up with them in a few hours. The main thing was to dodge enemy troops.

Moving cautiously through undergrowth towards a hill-top to orientate himself, he saw huts and tents a bare two hundred yards away on a shoulder of a hill, and Italian soldiers walking around. Sinking into a clump of bushes he waited until it was dark, and then moved carefully round the other side of the hill, walking on tip-toe over the rocky patches.

When the ordeal was over, Snell had eight bullet wounds and fifteen pieces of shrapnel in his body. This photograph was taken after an operation in 1945. He still suffers from his wounds

The moon edging over the horizon betrayed a sharp movement against the skyline a bare fifteen yards in front—the helmet and shoulders of a soldier. Snell froze on the spot. The outline was still; he thought it was probably a sentry and crept back quietly, worrying whether there would be sentries on all the hills. The safest way south seemed to be along the valley, though even down in the gloom he might still be visible to the sentry. He saw a stick about three feet long on the ground, picked it up and started to hobble down the valley like an old man, hoping any sentry who saw him would mistake him for a peasant. There was no shout from the hill.

For two hours he moved like that down the valley. From his survival map he knew that somewhere ahead lay a road near the coast. The firing was louder now than in the afternoon and sometimes he saw a sharp glow in the sky, but always some way off. He came to tank tracks that churned up the stony ground, and then beyond them saw the road, a flat, dimly shiny surface under the moon. Gingerly he walked over it and nearly jumped out of his skin as a deep voice in the darkness said, "Halt!" It came from ahead, and two dim shapes loomed about ten yards in front. The voice said something like *"Hände hoch,"* and he started lifting his hands above his head, masking his pistol in his right hand.

The next moment he heard something tinkling along the ground towards him. Instinctively he jumped aside and ducked, and a moment later the grenade went off a few feet from him with a great flash and shattering noise. He was running back across the road. Two shots banged behind and then two more grenades, but he was across the road now and dived into some long grass, raising his pistol and watching for the sentries. They went to earth, too; there were no more shots, no sounds at all, and he silently wormed backwards, ran crouching in the other direction and turned south-east to flank the sentries.

Now the sounds of battle were spreading round him in a wide arc. From some anonymous source, perhaps only a mile away, a stream of tracer shells came floating across the sky like a string of fiery pearls. Near, very near, now. He was not alone, but shared the darkness with others—enemy troops, or perhaps already a friendly forward patrol. The luminous hands of his watch showed that it was 3 a.m.—just twenty-four hours since he had crawled out of bed to start invasion day.

On The Brink Of Freedom

Much nearer, to the north, a machine gun started firing southwards, and barely two hundred yards from him, in a small coppice, another machine gun answered it, firing north. A thrill shot through him—the gun firing north must be Allied, from the soldiers pouring up from the beaches. Deliverance! The link again with life and friends.

The firing stopped and a couple of twigs snapped in the coppice. He crawled towards the sound, and had covered only a hundred yards

when he saw the dim shape of an aeroplane on his right, and beyond it some tents. What luck! This must be *the* airfield—the last thing he had heard at briefing before take-off was that the Allies had captured one. He crawled towards the tents and saw two sentries under a tree about twenty yards away. One moved slightly, and the moonlight glinted on his helmet. An American helmet! A wonderful exhilaration tingled through him and he softly called "Desert Rats"—the password of the day.

No answer. The answer should have been "Kill Italians," but he could not see the sentries any more. Suddenly wary, he retreated till he came across some cases obviously containing equipment. He could not make out any markings on them, but from the size of them and the solid nature he was certain that they were American crates. He crawled towards the coppice again and once more called "Desert Rats!" Again no answer. Then he could wait no longer: he stood up boldly and shouted the password again.

Helmets Deceived Him

Out of the gloom two shadows came, and he could see the machine pistols pointing at him. One of them was talking in a strange, harsh tongue, and Snell knew he had joined the sad band of those who have mistaken coal-scuttle German helmets for American ones.

The two German soldiers were abrupt and surly, and with a machine pistol prodding his back Snell marched in front of them across the airfield. A German officer joined them out of the darkness and they stopped and started to search him.

It was rather a farce. Snell kept taking things out of his pockets on the pretext of turning them out to help them, and then transferring most of the things in his hands to pockets already searched, and in that way saved his silk map (by blowing his nose on it), compass and some lira notes. They walked on and came to a wooden hut. Someone flashed a torch on him and asked his name, rank and number. The officer went away and Snell stood waiting with the guards by the hut, bitterly angry with himself.

A quarter of a mile away on the airfield a light anti-aircraft gun started banging, and he saw the clips of tracer curling down flat and low towards what one of the guards said was a beach. Machine guns started flickering and rattling on the beach in answer, and in the flashes (not so far away) he glimpsed shadowy figures running and, more vaguely behind them, dark monsters he knew were landing barges. Snell's spirits rose. Friends were near, the airfield was probably encircled already, and by morning he would be free. In forty-eight hours he would be back on the squadron with a wonderful line to shoot.

Ordered To Kneel Down

The officer came out of the hut, talked to the two guards in German and turned to Snell, saying in English, "Keep your hands up," and motioning him to start walking. Snell walked and they came close beside and behind him. They had gone about a hundred yards when the officer said, "Halt." Snell turned inquiringly; no building was near, they were standing on open ground. The officer said, "Kneel down!"

"What?" Snell was puzzled. The three Germans were hanging back about three yards.

"Kneel down." The officer said it louder.

"What for? What are you doing?" Snell said, confused. He was watching them and starting to bend his knees a little, more in an awkward crouch than a kneel. A soft blue light shone on him from a baby torch and he saw the three gun barrels pointing at him.

In blind instinct and sheer horror he dived aside, and in the same instant the guns banged deafeningly. He saw bright flashes and felt a terrible blow in the right shoulder, went down for a moment, then jumped up running like mad, horribly shocked. A great flash lit the night with an explosion just behind him. He felt other thuds in his body; he was running over stones and little rocks, tripping and sobbing, down on his knees and up again, and the banging kept on. It was horror, and then he tripped and crashed down between two rocks.

His right arm seemed to vanish into a hole in the ground and he could not move. He tried but nothing happened; he just lay dizzily in the cranny and when he tried to lift his body his muscles were watery. There were two more bangs far off; he heard the bullets ping on the rocks and whine into the distance, and he lay there feeling nothing except a confused awareness deep in his head. He waited for them to come up and finish him off. But they did not come. There was a queerly distorted voice in the distance, and then silence.

After a while his head began to clear, and he realized that he was dying. Stupidly he began to worry that he would not be able to see the blonde at Rabat. Maybe Lowther would explain to her. Feeling was coming back; no pain but a pumping in his shoulder like an artery. It would be over in a few minutes and he would not have to worry.

One day at school he had sprained his ankle playing rugger and had tried to play on. A master had said audibly, "That boy's got guts." He remembered now. It was not guts to lie down and die. He thought vaguely about that for a while, and it seemed that for self-respect he must make one more effort. He tried to move and found that his left arm was fairly effective. He pushed it against the ground and forced himself into a sitting position, his back resting against a rock.

In the moonlight he could see bullet holes in his left forearm, and a lot of blood. His right shoulder seemed to be in a mess, what he could see of it, and he thought his arm was nearly off. I'll be one-armed, he thought, and immediately after reflected that it didn't matter being one-armed if he were dead.

With his left arm he pulled his shirt over

Continued on page 36

Today Tony Snell is an actor. He has played on television and, after several small parts in films, has a major rôle in the forthcoming *Gilbert and Sullivan*. Here he is with starlet Ann Hanslit

A GIRL'S GOT TO LIVE

by **TOM HOPKINSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

She'd played him a dirty trick—but now at least he knew where he stood. He had a few tricks of his own

Leese cut short the elderly director. "That

MR. PAWSON GRUNTED: "I rather fancy that we have—h'm h'm—got our Mr. Talbot on—h'm—toast. Is that your impression also, Makins?"

Makins looked up, astonished at so open an expression of his chief's feelings, then smiled consentingly. "Why, yes, Mr. Pawson, he does seem to have stuck his neck out rather far."

"One must get everything absolutely—h'm—clear, Makins. Miss Grieve has it in writing from Talbot that he's definitely bought the drawings at this fantastic price?"

"Why yes, sir. Of course it's only in a friendly note—not an official document."

"Never mind, Makins. There it is in—h'm—black and white. And I have here—h'm—a copy of my own note to Talbot before he left for Paris instructing him on no account to commission the drawings for Sunfine Fabrics without my—h'm—permission."

"Why, it seems like a flat contradiction, sir! One might almost call it defiance of your direct orders." Makins's tone conveyed how monstrous, how almost unthinkable, such an action must appear.

"This, Makins"—and Pawson leaned forward—"is precisely what I have been waiting for." He paused, suddenly uncertain: "I—h'm—*should* say, Makins, it is precisely this for which I have been waiting."

Two days later Talbot came into the office, flung a suitcase with crumpled dress-clothes into a corner, and rang for his assistant, Leese.

"How's tricks, Billy?" he demanded. "Old man been up to anything in my absence? Kept his tongue from evil-speaking, lying and slandering, I hope—h'm, h'm? Not lost any of our accounts for want of my personal attention?"

"Have a good time in Paris?" the young man asked casually.

"Marvellous! Oh, Lord . . . well, better not start on all that now. But it's almost worth working a couple of years in this lousy firm to have fiddled a trip like that—and on Pawson, too, mark you, Billy! Not a breath did I draw, drunk or sober—and there were precious few sober ones—which the firm of Pawson didn't pay for twice over."

Leese stubbed his cigarette. "Glad of that, Talbot, because I'm afraid it may be your last lot of free breaths on the house of Pawson."

"Oh no, it won't, Billy—not by a long way." Then, noticing the other's expression, "What the devil d'you mean, Billy? Anything up?"

Leese nodded. "I don't much care for comrade Makins," he said, "but it's no good being in an office if you don't check up. So once in a while I take Makins out to lunch. He always knows what Pawson's up to by the simple process of licking his boots for a couple of hours, morning and afternoon. Today I could see he was busting to talk, and after a couple of drinks it all came out. . . ."

As Leese finished his story, Talbot sat silent on the desk, slowly twisting a paper-clip to pieces.

"It's true I bought those Corbeau drawings against Pawson's orders," he admitted. "There wasn't any need to have decided finally, but once you allow a human lizard like Pawson to order you about, there's no end to it. He'd have us all on our knees with our tongues out like Makins in no time. What I can't make out, though, is how Pawson got to know it. Naturally, I meant to put the fact over on him in a discreet and roundabout way—h'ming my way through it, as it were. . . . I did actually mention it in a note to Miss Grieve, but I know she's sound enough."

"You do, do you?" Young Leese was rather savouring this moment. He admired Talbot for his recklessness, and for that flow of lively ideas—or near-ideas—on which an advertising agency lives. But he resented his assurance, his casual assumption that everyone about him was well repaid for any trouble he gave them by the charm of his society—and he was gratified to see Talbot drop the paper-clip and look sharply up.

"You don't suggest Grievie told Pawson what I'd written? She'd never be such an ass."

"Grievie's certainly not an ass. . . ."

"Then what the hell?"

"Only that Grievie knows which side her bread's honeyed. It's a fair guess she was put there by Pawson in the first place to keep tabs on you. She'll have kept them pretty carefully, if I know Grievie."

"Well, well, well. . . ." Talbot flipped a paper clip at the shadow of his secretary's head against a glass partition. "Things are going to be just a wee bit sticky. I may even be forced to behave decently to Pawson for a week or two. Don't despise me, Billy, if I fail to spit when our employer comes into the room. . . . It'll be only a temporary measure."

PAWSON was a self-made man. He had been a clerk in a Liverpool shipping office, solacing himself with vague literary interests, until one day—one far-off day before that first World War—he overheard his superiors criticize the advertising copy put out for the firm's trans-Atlantic vessels. Immensely daring, he sent in suggestions of his own. Those four short pieces of copy, the first application of "fine" writing to travel advertising, had become historic. Within a few years the clerk was appointed advertisement manager.

After the war he had founded his own firm which, though it had never grown large, was by now extremely prosperous. Yet beneath all his success, his country house, Rolls Royce and chauffeur, Pawson remained as unsure of himself as he'd been in his Liverpool beginnings, singularly vulnerable to any suggestion that he didn't know the right way to shape a sentence, choose a waistcoat, criticize a book—or deal with the men and women he employed.

Talbot, when he first met him, impressed him greatly. With his good looks, his background of education, his connections, he could be useful to Pawson personally. In addition, Talbot's reputation as a witty draughtsman, a newspaper and magazine commentator-in-line who had achieved the dignity of one-man exhibitions, could make him a real asset to the firm.

Pawson's dream that Talbot would solve all his difficulties, proving a combination of art director and social stand-by, had been quickly

girl who's just passed," he said, smiling, "she's the new starlet there's so much fuss about"

frustrated. Talbot had a problem of his own. His only reason for entering advertising was to make money: he considered himself an artist, and somewhere not far below the surface despised himself for the step he'd taken.

This discontent he soon took to venting, unfairly but not surprisingly, on Pawson. Granted that he'd accepted an office job, he didn't have to turn himself into an office type: they'd bought his mind and some of his time, but his nature was his own, and they should feel its impact. So far from helping out Pawson's limitations, he took pleasure in exposing them. Confident that he could always handle Pawson by playing on his weakness; half-hoping, also, that he would go too far, get pushed out, and so be saved the effort of making up his own mind, Talbot, as time went on, carried matters with an increasingly high hand.

"I was thinking, Talbot," Pawson would begin, "of having the board-room re-decorated. I thought—h'm, h'm—the walls might be light blue, blue-grey that is to say, and the furniture possibly in fumed oak. Eh, Talbot, what d'you think? Pretty good, eh?"

"*Really*, sir," Talbot would reply, as though scarcely able to believe his ears. "*Fumed oak*? And blue. . . ? Very interesting idea; certainly make the clients feel at home. Are you sure, though, sir, that we shouldn't have something just a *little* more up-to-date?"

"What—h'm, h'm—what, exactly, have you in mind, Talbot, may I ask?"

"Can't say I've given the matter any thought, sir. I believe this is the first time you've mentioned it to me. Actually I don't think of myself as an interior decorator. My advice, for what it's worth, would be to consult someone who really knows—Freddie Osborne, say, or Brown Hogarth. Both of them sometimes take on commercial work. Would you like me to get Osborne to come round?"

Reluctant—convinced that Talbot was putting something over on him, yet unwilling to face ridicule by insisting on his own plan—Pawson would agree, and the fashionable young man of the day would decorate the board-room in a style quite out of keeping with the rest of the office, a fact Talbot would be the first to point out.

Nor was he any more obliging on the business side. Though competent, full of ideas, hard-working, too, once he got started, he would do nothing more than was strictly in the bond. So far from making drawings himself for the firm's clients, or, as Pawson had hoped, showing the dozen hack artists on the staff how to produce something lively and original, Talbot took pleasure in employing artists from outside. Often, Pawson suspected, he gave commissions to his friends. Or else, as now, he bought work from someone renowned—such as Corbeau—carelessly promising a fantastic price, which Pawson had then to justify to his clients. It was not that Pawson suspected him of being corrupt: in his own mind he found him guilty of a far worse crime—not taking his employment seriously.

Talbot, in short, had not been in the firm six months before Pawson bitterly regretted having taken him on; within a year, his ceaseless preoccupation was to get him out. Once, Pawson went so far as to suggest that he might do fuller justice to himself outside. Talbot's reply was that if Pawson wanted to get rid of him, he had only to pay his contract up in full: the contract, unfortunately, was for five years.

At that point, Pawson called on his lawyer.

"Not too easy," the lawyer told him, "unless you can catch him out. If the matter comes to court, and you simply say the two of you were incompatible—you're willing to pay something but don't think you should pay the full five years—the court'll probably award him something pretty substantial. However, I dare say you don't specially want the matter to come to court in any case."

"I *don't* particularly, if it can be—h'm—avoided."

"Quite so. Then what I suggest is that you lie low for a few months, be as agreeable to Mr. Talbot as you can, and take the first opportunity to promote him."

"What d'you mean, 'promote' him?"

"Increase his salary. You're paying him, you say, £2,500. Give him another £250. We can draft a letter between us that won't rouse any suspicions but which in fact ends his existing contract. . . . I've suggested the same idea to one or two of my clients, and they've been very satisfied with the way it finally worked out."

"And what's the next step after promotion?"

"Wait till he makes a slip, and simply sack him. The contract's already at an end. You give him whatever notice the custom of the trade demands. . . . One month's, three months', six months' salary."

It was Wednesday when Talbot got back from Paris, and on the Friday morning Miss Grieve brought a note marked "Private and Confidential" and laid it on his desk.

"You're looking worried, Miss Grieve," said Talbot sympathetically. "I've noticed it ever since I got back from Paris. Nothing on your mind, I hope? No private worries?"

Miss Grieve flushed. "No, thank you." She turned to go, but Talbot called her back.

"You *would* tell me, wouldn't you, if anything did disturb you? I rely on you, so naturally I want to see you feeling happy. Mr. Pawson may be considered by some rather a bloodhound, but for someone as valuable as you, he could be persuaded to act generously." He smiled engagingly, and tore the letter open.

"Dear Mr. Talbot,

"I expressed to you some months ago my doubts as to whether you are suited to the work of an advertising agency. Your conduct in buying the Corbeau drawings at an extravagant figure, and in direct defiance of my written instructions, makes it finally clear to me that our business relationship must end.

"We have, as you of course realize, no

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Arthur Wynn, pit disaster detective

Mining accidents are often mysteries as difficult to probe as the work of a master criminal. They not only kill and maim; they also destroy the evidence

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Wynn (right) at one of his detection aids—an electron microscope which magnifies 30,000 times

Reconstructing the Creswell pit disaster: the start of a conveyor belt fire, caused by friction

HARPUR HILL is an obscure—though anything but calm—elevation two miles outside the dignified and peaceful Derbyshire spa of Buxton. While visitors to the spa quietly take the waters, they occasionally hear muffled reports from Harpur Hill. It may be an explosives company trying out its products, or Ministry of Fuel scientists doing their best to blow up a piece of mining equipment.

One windy September afternoon, while the rain drizzled over the peaks, a scientist named S. K. Shaw stood on the hillside with a powerful whistle between his lips. Before him were two four-foot pipes stretching one hundred and ten yards across the ground. Shaw blew the whistle and a man standing near the closed end of one pipe exploded an igniter. A gentle whoosh ran down inside the pipe and a big cloud of black smoke billowed out of the open end. There was a significant pause and more smoke belched forth. Shaw was as excited as a man who has backed a hundred to one winner. He had, in fact, confirmed a theory that may lead to a new method of combating underground fires in coal mines.

Making A Water Barrier

At Easington Colliery in Durham, flames from a similar explosion last year travelled at 800 feet a second and killed eighty-one miners. At Harpur Hill they are trying to devise water barriers to check these coal dust flames that can race through a mine at almost twice the speed of sound.

Harpur Hill's experiments come under the direction of a retiring, forty-two year old scientist named Arthur Henry Ashford Wynn, who has the unusual distinction of being a graduate of Oxford and of Cambridge, and of being both a member of the Bar and a physicist. He also found time to study as far afield as Germany and Rumania. A tall man with greying hair, Wynn is now Director of the Ministry of Fuel and Power's Safety in Mines Research Establishment, probably the most important centre in the world for improving conditions for men who work underground.

The Safety in Mines Research Establishment is a combination laboratory and detective agency where Wynn can make full use of his scientific and legal training. According to one of his associates, underground disasters are frequently as difficult to investigate as the work of a master criminal. Colliery fires and explosions not only kill and maim; they also destroy evidence of the crime.

Whenever a major disaster occurs, Wynn dispatches his experts to the scene to help. Their reports may also open up new lines of research at Harpur Hill and at the Establishment's Sheffield station, where scientists are constantly studying fires, explosions and allied hazards. Other sections design and test equipment, inspect mining gear and investigate health problems such as pneumoconiosis and dust control.

The Easington disaster led to an intensification of work on water barriers. An accident at Cannock Chase, in South Staffordshire, set another team of Wynn's experts an equally serious problem. Easington was a case of a small local explosion becoming a major death-dealing holocaust. At Cannock Chase, the

Huge pipes used in tests to find ways of stopping coal dust fires. Unchecked, the flames race through a mine at almost twice the speed of sound

original detonation did not spread. But ten men were burned, one fatally, and the cause was a mystery.

Before long, the investigators Wynn sent to Cannock Chase learned that gas was known to be present where the accident had happened. Some miners had been working with an electric drill. All they remembered was a vivid flash.

At first, suspicion was directed to the possibility of an electric spark, but it was discovered that the current had been turned off before the explosion. The investigators looked at the drill. It was a portable machine, weighing about forty pounds. To keep it light enough for a man to handle underground, it had been made of an alloy incorporating magnesium.

Puzzled, the investigators took the drill back to Harpur Hill. The only clue was a dent on the side of the tool, but this was not unusual in equipment used underground. However, the research men began to wonder what had caused it. They assumed that the drill had been dropped, so they hoisted it up in the laboratory and let it fall. A piece of rusty iron, such as might be found in a mine, lay on the floor. The drill landed on the iron—and sparks flashed.

Boon That Was A Hazard

The criminal in this case was the magnesium alloy. Hailed as a boon to miners because it made portable equipment possible, the alloy, in fact, was a new frictional spark hazard. Reports of the investigation went to the National Coal Board, and a schedule was drawn up for the withdrawal of similar equipment.

Sparks capable of igniting gas are a major hazard underground. The Safety in Mines Research Establishment tackles the problem from several approaches. One laboratory examines all new types of mining equipment to make sure they are flameproof, so that even if a spark or a flame occurs inside the machine it will not ignite gas outside.

Flameproofed equipment is first tested by filling it with a mixture of explosive gas and igniting it. This determines the strength of the flameproof shield. "If a piece of equipment fails this test," says one expert, "all we have to do is sweep up the pieces."

In the early days of testing, a great deal of sweeping had to be done. Now few products fail. After passing the first test, all equipment is placed in a gas-filled chamber and checked to see whether a spark or flame inside the apparatus will ignite gas outside. Another laboratory deals with smaller items like signalling devices. These produce sparks that can be made harmless in themselves.

In the design of what is known as intrinsically safe equipment, the British research establishment has led the world for many years. Its international reputation was acknowledged not long ago when German mining engineers accidentally discovered that salt was a means of binding coal dust together to reduce explosions. After reporting their findings at an international conference, the Germans turned to Wynn and his colleagues. "You are the experts," they said. "We are counting on you to tell us what actually happens when salt and coal dust get together."

Weekend Blaze Danger

Wynn now has a section at Buxton exploring the possibilities of salt as a coal dust binder. Early next year a full-scale experiment will be made in a British colliery.

Coal dust is so inflammable that a pinch of it placed on a lighted electric lamp bulb will begin to burn in ten minutes. A tiny heap of coal dust can smoulder almost undetectably at a rate of six inches an hour. Then, under ideal conditions, it springs into flame. A fire like that began recently in a British mine that closed down over the weekend; it was not discovered until the first shift arrived on Monday. By that time there was a raging blaze at the coal face.

The Creswell disaster two years ago was caused by friction on the conveyor belt system. From friction to smouldering took four and a half minutes. In another four and a half minutes roaring flames were spreading through the mine, killing eighty men. "It doesn't matter how far away you are from an underground fire," says one of Wynn's experts, "it will still get you—if not the fire, then the poisonous fumes in its wake. These fumes have killed men as far away as two miles."

Highly inflammable rubber belting fed the Creswell fire. At Harpur Hill, they are testing samples of plastic-coated belting that will reduce the fire hazard as soon as enough can be made to replace the 4,000 miles now in use in the mines. Other experiments are being made with warning systems, for at Cresswell some men were found to have died because they paused underground to put on their jackets. The warning may be the smell from a stink bomb which will be automatically exploded in the ventilation system at the first sign of fire.

A violet perfume has been rejected as psychologically unsound for a danger signal. Aniseed was tested, but had to be turned down when it was pointed out that some miners use snuff flavoured with oil of anise. The mixture now in favour is affectionately known as "skunk and onions." It is so potent a stench that, if it were possible to pass it around, one quarter-ounce would be enough to give a whiff to everyone in the world.

According to Wynn, bad welding is the most common cause of danger in mining gear, Faults cannot always be seen, so the establishment has devised new methods of detection, using radio-active isotopes obtained from the Harwell Atomic Energy Research Establishment. A two millimetre cube of Iridium 192, costing £15, can be used to obtain the same effect as a £10,000 X-ray apparatus. In this way, radiographs can be made of chains, shackles and other gear at the colliery.

Surface flaws and cracks are brought to light by the application of magnetic ink after the gear being tested has been magnetized. With this method, the research men catch defective pieces before they break down and before it is apparent that they have become dangerous.

Echo Shows Up The Flaws

The Ultra-sonic Flaw Detector is another aid to discovering hidden defects. This device sends high-frequency sound waves through a piece of metal. If there is a cavity or a pocket of slag inside, its presence is betrayed by the echo.

Pneumoconiosis, which is caused by dust particles entering miners' lungs, remains the greatest hazard of all. Because some dust particles are so small that ordinary microscopes cannot enlarge them satisfactorily, scientists at Sheffield use an electron microscope which gives them an image 30,000 times the actual size of the speck they are studying.

Examination of dust and gases, the designing and testing of new equipment, the inquiries into fires and explosions, and the investigation of accidents and disasters, are all combined under Wynn's direction to reduce danger to the men who go underground, not only in Britain, but all over the world. THE END

HOW MANY SCHWEPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS ?

Schweppes
Schweppes ALCOHOLIC PEPPERMINT CORDIAL
Schweppes INDIAN TONIC WATER
Schweppes LEMONADE
Schweppes Ginger Ale
Schweppes ORANGE SQUASH
Schweppes GREEN GINGER WINE
Schweppes SODA WATER
Schweppes GINGER BEER

. SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Terence Rattigan's success story

by CHARLES HAMBLETT

His flair for making audiences feel that they have had their money's worth surprised even himself. With eight triumphs behind him, he still touches wood when a new play goes on

IF, AS AN ACQUAINTANCE asserts, Terence Mervyn Rattigan had a silver tongue in his cheek when he was born forty-one years ago, he has since shown himself willing, when required, to shed sweat, if not blood and tears, in the cause of successful playmaking.

Today, as he sits in his Eaton Square penthouse or entertains a party of stage celebrities at his new country home near his beloved Sunningdale golf course, or smiles shyly at first-night admirers, or journeys by air between London and New York, he presents an almost overdrawn picture of success.

His first public success came as a surprise. Peter Glenville, the producer, recalls how, one dull November evening in 1936, he met the young playwright by chance in a London restaurant noted for its theatrical clientele. After exchanging news and gossip, Rattigan offered him a lift home in his car. They drove off, deploring that, so far, fame and fortune had eluded them.

"I shall never forget what happened as we turned into Piccadilly Circus," says Glenville. "Casually, almost as an afterthought, Terry pointed to the Criterion Theatre and said: 'They're doing a play of mine there tomorrow. Don't congratulate me. They're only running it as a stopgap because another play has folded. Mine is a little piece called *French Without Tears*.'" The little piece ran for 1,029 performances and netted its author the handsome prewar sum of £23,000.

Retitled *O, Mistress Mine*, his play *Love In Idleness* earned the Treasury more than 200,000 dollars in New York. The drama critics of that notoriously flinty metropolis voted him the best foreign dramatist for *The Winslow Boy*. He has just returned from America where he has been assisting with the New York production of his current West End hit, *The Deep Blue Sea*.

One-man Export Business

Such ventures make him one of the foremost one-man dollar earners in Britain. If one of his plays succeeds across the Atlantic, not only are his American royalties fully taxed in Britain; tax on salaries of English members of the cast, plus any profits made by the London management concerned with staging the play, also provide the Treasury with a handsome dollar windfall.

He is a conscientious worker. When Alexander Korda and director David Lean were planning to make *The Sound Barrier*, they asked him to write the script. Rattigan declined, declaring that he knew nothing about jets. The film men put their heads together. "A few days later," says Rattigan, "they took me down to Farnborough. It was a wet day. One of these very fast aircraft —a Canberra, I think it was—flew in low. The rain produced a sort of aura, or halo, round the wings." His interest was stirred. "Then, meeting the characters involved—test pilots, quiet young men absolutely unlike the types I had known during the war—suggested new writing possibilities." Before the day was out he was completely "sold" on the idea of doing the script.

Terence showed a practical interest in the theatre from childhood. His Irish parents hardly knew whether to be impressed or alarmed by their schoolboy son's deep knowledge of theatrical matters. Long before he went to Harrow on a scholarship, he began entertaining his elders with names, dates and theatres connected with the most obscure stage productions. Of his frequent theatre outings, usually with an indulgent Kensington aunt, his mother comments: "If he had had his way, he would have got there long before the dust sheets were removed from the seats."

One morning, when aged about seven, he wandered into his mother's bedroom and told

Terence Rattigan in his Eaton Square penthouse. His play about Alexander the Great ran for only three months. Theatregoers have yet to be weaned from the idea that his sole function is to amuse

Rattigan, author of *The Browning Version*, discusses the film with its star, Jean Kent. He is a conscientious worker and will not start writing until he feels he knows all about the subject

her that he would never marry, adding: "Wives can be an awful handicap to writers. They are constantly telling their husbands to do this, fetch that, and ordering them from the house." Eyelashes are still fluttered in vain at this most eligible playwright.

At twelve, he wrote *Self Sacrifice*, which he described as "an enthralling novelette by T. M. Rattigan, the famous author and playwright." A year later he wrote a short two-act play called *The Parchment*, blithely nominating a cast which included Marie Tempest, Jack Hulbert, Noël Coward, Gladys Cooper, Owen Nares, Matheson Lang and Godfrey Tearle—just about the most expensive roster of players available in 1925.

At Harrow, he was a fair scholar, a more enthusiastic cricketer, and the accepted authority on the drama. For *The Harrovian* he wrote scathing dramatic criticisms which he now prefers to forget. In his 1929 essay on the modern drama he wrote shrewdly of "a ceaseless conflict being waged in the drama of today, Entertainment versus Instruction." He also predicted "a mechanized drama of the future." How well he subsequently exploited the possibilities of this drama was shown in his play for television, *The Final Test*, a model of TV playmaking.

His Vision Of Glory

Cricket is still his great sporting interest. Celia Johnson, who, during the absence of Peggy Ashcroft, played the lead in *The Deep Blue Sea*, recalls how she and her husband, Peter Fleming, once went to dine with Rattigan and afterwards played her favourite parlour game. This is based on *The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty*, the timid man who imagines himself in heroic situations.

"What is your Mitty?" Celia asked the playwright. Without hesitation, Rattigan said that in his visions of glory he is a professional cricketer who has been dropped from the English team. After a disastrous second Test Match in Australia, a cable arrives, imploring him to fly out at once. He dashes for a plane, and arrives just in time to help the English team to win by a hair-raising margin.

"Terry didn't do well at Oxford," says his mother. He preferred writing saucy lyrics for university "smokers" to studying for a history degree. During a performance of John Gielgud's production for undergraduates of *Romeo and Juliet* he annoyed Edith Evans by speaking his only line so badly that everyone laughed. This situation he brilliantly exploited when, in 1948, he wrote the short play, *Harlequinade*. But he has not acted since, and strenuously resists any attempts to make him take a curtain call.

Comedy Out Of Misery

Hoping to enter him in the Diplomatic Service, his parents sent him to a cramming school in Wimereux, near Boulogne. "I had a miserable time," Rattigan says. "For one thing, I was the youngest there. The others were miles ahead of me. I decided that, one day, I would make a soul-searing tragedy out of it all. When I did get round to it, I had just written an adaptation of a gloomy novel. I didn't want to repeat the mood, so I wrote *French Without Tears* as comedy."

His parents, resigned to his leaving Oxford half-way through his studies, gave him a chance to write on a weekly allowance of £5. His mother now recognizes that "he would have been an awful diplomat, since he is much too absent-minded." His first play, *First Episode*, made little impression. When *French Without Tears* caught the public fancy, Warners-British gave him a seven-year contract to write scripts at Teddington Studios. It was his first and last experience of working to order.

After doing nothing for three months, he was told to prepare a script of an Eleanor Smith novel within a fortnight. This was promptly torn up by his boss, who then dictated an entirely new script in five days. On another occasion, he was working on a thriller in which Hugh Williams was to play the hero. Halfway through, the scriptwriters got stuck for ideas. Someone suggested turning Williams into a villain. "It worked out remarkably well," Rattigan recalls.

Discipline was rigid. Scriptwriters had to clock in and out—even at times when they had little more to do than play noughts and crosses. A fellow Old Teddingtonian, as Rattigan wryly calls his old studio colleagues, recalls that, after Terry left, he inherited his desk. In a drawer he found a list of Do's and Don'ts for scriptwriters. At the bottom of this the former occupant had scrawled: "Look behind radiator." The newcomer did—and found a large piece of cardboard. Scrawled boldly across it was an impolite word.

"I did learn to write with ruthless economy," Rattigan admits. "There was no time for frills. The plot had to be told in three lines. At Oxford I had acquired rather nebulous ideas about writing. These dissolved in the studio."

The summer of 1940 found him, at twenty-nine, looking for an immediate opportunity to get into uniform. Someone told him that the R.A.F. wanted officer-air-gunners. He applied. "I nearly failed to get in," he says. "Then I mentioned that I'd written *French Without Tears*. One of the interviewing officers had heard of it. The selection board decided to take a chance, assuring me that I could always write for camp concerts in my spare time."

War Coloured His Work

Rattigan did more than that. Though he claims, with typical R.A.F. understatement, to have no mind for machines, and to have succeeded in passing his gunnery tests only "by giving instructors free theatre tickets," he spent the next two years on operational flights with Coastal Command.

From this experience he wrote *Flare Path*, the manuscript of which he nearly lost when the captain of a crippled bomber ordered the crew to jettison everything before landing. Terry tore the covers off his notebook but guiltily kept the pages of his play. "The R.A.F. deeply coloured his writing," his mother says.

While The Sun Shines, a play, and the script of *The Way To The Stars*, directed by his friend "Puffin" Asquith, were the last of Rattigan's works based on wartime themes. After his experimental *Playbill*, which proved successful, he wrote *Adventure Story*, which was not so popular. Based on the campaigns of Alexander the Great, the play did not appeal to his public, which has yet to be weaned from the idea that his sole function in the theatre is to amuse.

Until recently, Rattigan did much of his writing in a quiet little pub near Sunningdale golf course. But now that he owns a house almost within putting distance of the sixth green, he is breaking in a new study. He has settled into a routine of hard work, enlivened by golf, squash, travel and smart parties. Gregarious and popular, he has a knack of concealing, or dismissing, his long, lonely bursts of creative work.

Rattigan by no means intends to abandon the play of character and situation for the play of ideas. He has not forgotten his mother's remark, made after the success of *French Without Tears*, that "the poorhouses are full of people who have written one successful play." With eight successes behind him, Terry still superstitiously touches wood when brooding over his latest venture. Before each first night his mother and he open a bottle of champagne, the cork being carefully put away in a drawer along with those from preceding first night celebrations.

Search For Authenticity

John Derry, the test pilot whose life ended so tragically at Farnborough, was always ready to help Rattigan with advice during the scripting of *The Sound Barrier*. At a reception following the Press showing of the film, Derry, there as a guest, was approached by a woman critic, who said: "What a pity Rattigan spoilt an otherwise good script by introducing 1 that fictitious nonsense about reversing the controls of an aircraft in order to penetrate the sound barrier." Derry quietly explained that it was he who had given the playwright that information.

Whatever his subject—a test pilot's problems or a woman's love tangles—Rattigan's constant aim is authenticity. The authenticity that leaves audiences glowing, convinced that they have had their money's worth. THE END

BEWARE - SHARKS!

by F. E. KNIGHT

The skipper had it in for Smithie. No one knew why —till the shark appeared

HE SAID HIS NAME was John Smith. The name had got past the shipping office and the skipper and mate, so it wasn't for me to argue. I was only concerned with whether he was a seaman or not.

He was not; at least, not to satisfy me. He said he had served his time as apprentice, then failed his exam for second mate's ticket. So he had shipped as A.B. And even as an A.B. he wasn't so hot.

All the same, there was no cause that I could see for the skipper to pick on him as he did. Right on the very first day the Old Man said to me, "Bos'n, I don't like the shape of that young Smith. He has the look of a slacker. You'll need to drive him."

The Old Man was wrong that time. Young Smith wasn't a slacker. He was keen enough, and so I reported. That did not suit the skipper. He wanted Smith driven whether he needed it or not. So he started in on the kid himself.

Whenever Smith got within reach, when he happened to be working on the bridge or doing his trick at the wheel, you could bet your boots the Old Man would start something.

"Smith, you've been scrubbing at that one spot for ten minutes. Get a move on. Put some elbow grease into it."

"Who the devil's at the wheel? Smith? I might have known it. What are you trying to do? Write your name on the ocean?"

I was sorry for him. He was doing his best, which is more than I could say for some. So I tried to keep him out of the Old Man's way.

Then the mate started. He did not interfere much as a rule, so I guessed the skipper had put him up to it. He began by picking out all the nastiest jobs for Smith.

"Bos'n, there's a lot of sediment in the bilge tank under number one hold. It's got to be cleaned out. Put Smith on to it. He's thin enough to crawl through the limbers on his belly."

And another time—"I want that water tank in the engine-room cement-washed inside. Put young Smith on the job. He said he was cold the other day. The temperature in that tank is all of a hundred and thirty."

I hardly ever got a chance to work him on deck in the ordinary way. He was always down in the guts of the ship, or up the mast, or cleaning lavatories, or something of the sort. Those jobs have to be done, but fair shares for all is my motto.

I wasn't the only one who was sorry for him, either. The other men didn't like it. They grumbled, talked about it being a hell ship, even though Smithie's misfortunes were saving them a few dirty jobs.

Smithie didn't complain. I'd have been happier if he had. It wasn't natural, the way he

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The shark was close: Smithie still struggled with the skipper. I struck out towards them

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

Field Marshal von Blomberg (left) and General von Fritsch. Their dismissal from high office—engineered by Himmler and Goering—gave Hitler the chance to break the army's power for good

Blomberg's wife, Erna. Unsavoury details of her past, which were dug up by the Gestapo, were to ruin his career and cause the army's downfall

Adolf Hitler (5) *Alan Bullock tells how the tyrant met his match in Russia*

HITLER DRIVES HIS ARMIES TO DESTRUCTION

ON THE MORNING of January 26, 1938, the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, Colonel-General Freiherr von Fritsch, was summoned to an interview with Adolf Hitler in the Reich Chancellery. To his astonishment and indignation he found himself confronted by Hitler with a charge of homosexuality.

The Fuehrer listened to the general's categorical denial of the allegation without a word. When he had finished, Hitler walked across to another door and opened it. A young man in his early thirties, Hans Schmidt, came into the room, took one look at Fritsch and declared: "That's the man."

General Fritsch's repeated denials made no impression on Hitler. He asked point blank for the commander-in-chief's resignation. In return, the whole affair would be hushed up and the general allowed to leave without disgrace. Fritsch refused: he demanded a judicial investigation. To this Goering, who had also been present throughout the interview, declined to agree. There was nothing to investigate, he maintained: Fritsch was plainly guilty, and that was all there was to be said. For the time being Hitler postponed a decision, and the C.-in-C. was sent on leave.

Army A Power In Politics

The Fritsch case represents one of the turning points in the history of the Third Reich. Throughout German history, the army had held a place apart in German politics, and the army's attitude had so far been decisive for Hitler's success. In 1923, the army leaders' repudiation of Hitler's attempt at a *coup d'état* spelled failure for the Nazis. Ten years later, in 1933, the army's willingness to see Hitler become Chancellor allowed the Nazis to come to power. In 1934, the generals insisted on Hitler disowning the ambitions of Roehm, the chief of staff of the brown-shirted S.A., to get control of the army, and Hitler bowed to their demands: Roehm, once Hitler's best friend, was put up against a wall and shot, and the threat of the S.A. to the army's independence eliminated.

In the years that followed, the army, under the uncompromising leadership of its commander-in-chief, General von Fritsch, succeeded in maintaining its independent position in the Nazi state. The army's loyalty was not in question. The generals worked hard at the reorganization and expansion of the German military machine which Hitler had ordered, and they did not meddle in politics. But they refused to tolerate any attempt by the Nazi Party and its bosses to meddle with the army. So far Hitler, who needed the generals' assistance to carry through his rearmament plans, had acquiesced in their stiff-necked attitude. Hitler could show remarkable patience when it suited him, but nobody familiar with the suspicious and despotic character of the German dictator can ever have supposed that he would tolerate such a situation indefinitely. His chance to make a change came at the beginning of 1938.

The trap was sprung by Goering and Himmler. Goering wanted to become Minister of War in place of Field Marshal von Blomberg; Himmler and Heydrich, at the head of the black-shirted S.S. and the secret police, had long been waiting for a chance to humble the pretensions of the German Officer Corps, with its unconcealed disdain for any uniform except that of the regular armed forces.

The Woman With A "Past"

Blomberg, the tall, striking-looking Minister of War, played straight into Goering's hands. Recently divorced, he was eager to contract a second marriage with a certain Fraulein Erna Grühn, whose origins were obscure and who, Blomberg admitted, was a woman with a "past." Aware of the shock this would give to the rigid views of the Officer Corps on the social suitability of the wife of a field marshal and Minister of War, Blomberg consulted Goering as a brother officer and a man who stood close to the Fuehrer. Goering not only encouraged him, but helped to ship an inconvenient rival off to South America. On the afternoon of January 12, 1938, Blomberg married Fraulein Grühn very quietly, in the presence of Hitler and Goering as the two principal witnesses.

Despite the discreet way in which the affair was managed, rumours immediately began to circulate about the field marshal's new wife. At police headquarters a dossier was unearthed which showed Fraulein Grühn to have been a Berlin prostitute whose mother had been convicted for running a brothel. The daughter herself had been before the courts on a charge of posing for indecent photographs.

This information, once it came into Goering's hands, was used with great effect. The field marshal was no favourite with the Officer Corps, who regarded him as too much under Hitler's influence and sneered at him as the *"Gummi-Löwe"*—the rubber lion. Outraged at the *mésalliance* which he had contracted, the generals demanded that the Minister of War must resign. Hitler, although he liked Blomberg, appears to have felt that he, too, had been

November, 1942: Hitler the orator tried to explain away his failure as a military leader. "People say that my attack on Stalingrad is a strategic blunder," he bellowed. "Just let them wait and see." Three months later his exhausted troops surrendered. His only comment was: "I was betrayed"

made to look a fool, and eventually agreed. The question then arose who was to succeed Blomberg as Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces—the two offices he had held since 1933.

In Goering's eyes the obvious successor was himself, but Hitler was far from accepting Goering's view. No dictator is willing to see too much power concentrated in other hands, and the army was no more likely to take kindly to a Nazi like Goering as Minister of War than to Roehm. The easy solution was to make the commander-in-chief of the army, General von Fritsch, Blomberg's successor. To this Himmler, who rightly regarded Fritsch as the leader of the anti-Nazi group in the army, was as strongly opposed as Goering. Once again the police archives conveniently provided material with which to smear the reputation of the army's candidate.

Made Living From Blackmail

In 1935 the police had picked up Hans Schmidt, a young man who made an unsavoury living by blackmailing homosexuals with a position or reputation to lose, and the means to pay for his silence. In the course of his examination, Schmidt mentioned an army officer by the name of von Frisch or Fritsch, from whom he had extorted considerable sums. According to Schmidt's story the army officer in question had met a well-known homosexual named Bavarian Joe in Berlin one November evening in 1934. Schmidt followed them and subsequently presented himself to the officer as a detective who knew what had happened, but was willing to be bought off. In this way he collected several thousand marks from his victim.

It was immediately assumed by the police that the officer in question was General von Fritsch, and the report was duly presented to Hitler by Himmler and Goering. At the time, however, Hitler had shown no interest, and no action had been taken. But Himmler carefully preserved the evidence and now, in 1938, produced the dossier a second time with far greater effect.

One thing we shall never know is whether Hitler really believed Hans Schmidt's story or whether he saw at once how he could use this incident for his own purposes, and acted as if convinced of Fritsch's guilt. At any rate, after he had confronted the general with Schmidt on the morning of January 26 and sent him on leave, Hitler never seriously considered him further as Blomberg's successor.

The issue rapidly became a much bigger one. When Fritsch returned from his interview with Hitler, General Beck, the chief of staff of the German Army and later one of the leaders of the underground anti-Nazi opposition, urged him to carry out an immediate *coup d'état* with the army and overthrow the régime. This Fritsch declined to do, but the generals led by Beck put up a stiff fight for a full investigation of the charges against the commander-in-chief—and by a services, not a party, court of honour.

The question of who was to succeed Fritsch as C.-in-C. of the army was settled by a compromise with the appointment of General von Brauchitsch, and Hitler reluctantly agreed to the judicial investigation of the Fritsch case. But it was not until February 4 that the Fuehrer announced his solution of the other question—who was to succeed Blomberg. The answer was simple: Hitler himself.

On February 4, 1938, the German Cabinet met for the last time in the Third Reich. Its members listened in silence to Hitler's statement that "owing to ill-health," Fritsch as well as Blomberg had asked to be relieved of his duties. Ever since Hindenburg's death in 1934, Hitler had been Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces, an office which went with that of Head of the State. Now he assumed in addition Blomberg's office of C.-in-C. of the Armed Forces, and abolished the post of War Minister which Blomberg had held as well. Never again was the army to regain or enjoy its own independent position in the State; in Hitler it was to find a harsher taskmaster than any in German history.

There still remained the investigation of the charges against Fritsch which Hitler had promised. Another battle had to be fought before Hitler would agree to a services' court, and then he appointed Goering, by now a field marshal, as its president. Moreover, the Gestapo and the S.S. did everything possible to hinder the investigation and conceal the evidence. They had good reason to do so. Thanks to the perseverance and courage of a handful of lawyers—most of whom later lost their lives for opposing Hitler—the true story was revealed, although carefully concealed from the public.

Confessed—And Was Murdered

It then emerged that the man whom Hans Schmidt had blackmailed was not General von Fritsch at all, but a retired cavalry officer by the similar, though not identical, name of von Frisch. This fact was perfectly well known to the Gestapo before the evidence had been shown to Hitler. When they discovered that the defence was on the track of von Frisch, who was seriously ill, the Gestapo dragged him out of bed and carried him off to prison. Eventually they were forced to allow his examination, and he corroborated the whole story of Schmidt's blackmail before collapsing and dying.

Schmidt, who had been threatened with death by the Gestapo if he gave himself away, tried to brazen it out in court, but broke down under cross-examination and confessed that he had lied. For this he paid with his life at the Gestapo's hands. After that, a verdict of not guilty followed as a matter of course and the trial ended abruptly. But there was no sequel. In the following summer General von Fritsch

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The Singer, not the Song

by ***AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Malo's men had smashed little Father Gomez. They were out to smash his successor, too. Father Keogh knew that. There was only one way for him to fight

WHEN FATHER KEOGH came to Quantana, he knew he might be facing death. But he was young and strong; and his tender smile and Irish humour hid an essential toughness.

Toughness was needed in this Mexican village, if the Church were to survive. The whole parish was in the grip of a strangely evil man. Bandit, racketeer, subtle terrorist—Anacleto Comachi was all these, and more. Some knew him by his Christian name; but to most of the villagers he was Malo, the "Bad-One-of-the-Cats." He loved cats, was like a cat himself: fastidious, handsome, silent; without pity, without friends; and he liked to play with his victims before destroying them.

Because of Malo, people were afraid to go to church. Because of Malo, the police were corrupt. Malo's enemies had "accidents," and were killed. Yet Quantana accepted him. As long as people played Malo's game, they came to no harm.

Entering his new parish, Father Keogh found only two friendly faces: an old barrel-organist, and a little girl called Locha, who furtively gave him a flower. But it was when he met his predecessor that he fully realized what he was up against. Mouse-like, dithering Father Gomez had stood up bravely for the Church, but his spirit had been broken. Now he was old and ill. He was obsessed with the idea that Malo would "get him" before he left Quantana.

With sinister politeness, Malo promised him "a good send-off." It turned out to be a cruel, contemptuous mock-funeral. Father Keogh borrowed a mule to take Father Gomez to the bus-stop, but the old man was too weak to ride without support. Suddenly a little red-haired American came out of the crowd and offered to carry Father Gomez's baggage. Sam Frankenson was seedy-looking, obviously a heavy drinker, but Father Keogh liked him. He was friendly, and he wasn't afraid of Malo.

Father Gomez's last gasping words when they said goodbye were: "Anacleto needs a friend"; and, as the bus moved off, Father Keogh's heart was wrung with pity to see the terrible exhaustion and hopelessness in the old man's face.

PART 2

Father Keogh Gets To Work

FATHER KEOGH and Sam waved the bus out of sight. As they turned to walk down the hill, Sam said: "Thank God the poor little guy got away."

"Thank God, indeed," Father Keogh said.

They walked down the hill with the wind blowing cool from the mountainside. The sun was setting. A red and yellow sky flared up before night made its sudden descent. Bougainvilia spilled over the terraces of the Casa Grande and at the gates the child, Locha, was waiting.

"Hallo," she called out as they passed her. "I mean, hallo *you*—not *you*, of course." She indicated Father Keogh and turned a cold little face towards Sam.

"Why hallo me and not Sam?" Father Keogh asked.

"He drinks too much," explained the child, and before Father Keogh could make a stern retort she said admiringly, "Aren't you brave? They say you turned El Lobo off his mule."

"Well, they said wrong," Father Keogh told her. "Your Gran-Señor-of-the-Cats tipped him off his mule, and it isn't polite to say people drink too much. Isn't there anyone here who could teach you a few manners?"

"There you go getting cross again," grumbled the child.

"Don't you think you ought to say you're sorry to Señor Frankenson?"

The child looked with interest at the expressionless face of Sam. "You don't say you're sorry to someone like that."

"You do exactly what you're told, my child," said Father Keogh crisply. "Well—I'm waiting. So is Señor Frankenson."

The child clung to the gates, leaning back from them, then she dropped her head and rested her cheek on one arm. "Sorry," she mumbled and coloured.

"Well, that's not very gracious, but it's better than nothing."

Sam said kindly, "Go easy on her, bud. She's only a kid."

"Oh, she knows how to be nice," Father Keogh said. "She was very nice to me today. She gave me a beautiful flower. By the way, Locha, what was it called?"

The child was about to smile at him but suddenly the smile was lost. She might have sucked it in and swallowed it, it disappeared so fast. Her mouth hung open and her eyes dilated. She said quickly, monotonously, "I didn't. I didn't give you any flowers."

"But of course you did. Don't you remember? I pressed it in a book."

"I didn't! I didn't! I promise I didn't! It wasn't me who gave you a flower."

She loosened her grip on the gate, turned her back on them both and fled. Father Keogh looked after her, bewildered. "What a very extraordinary thing."

Sam made a grimace over his left shoulder. Malo was riding past. Sam explained to Father

Smiling, Malo held up four fingers: "H-I-J—*K*, Fath

Keogh's puzzled eyes, "You're going to have to get used to that, bud. Ain't nobody wants to walk out of step with Pussyfoot, not even a kid like that."

"But what harm can it do if she gives me a flower?"

"Well, it might look like it put her on your side, see? She wouldn't want Pussyfoot thinking that way. It's all like that. It even applies to a kid."

MALO made them a small formal bow from the shoulders and rode on down the hill with three of his men. Old Uncle Joaquin followed him. Father Keogh noticed that there were jewels on his hands. Rings glinted, too, on the little stunted fingers of the Jeep.

The Jeep's awkward body sat back in his saddle. His stomach and chin were both thrust forward. He chewed nervously hard at the nails of one hand. In the rear was young Vito, "El Lobo," astride his mule. He grinned impudently into Father Keogh's face. "You

er?" he said. Father Keogh had no doubt what he meant. Now that Father Gomez was dead, only three letters of the alphabet stood between him and death

owe me for the hire of my mule, Father. A priest should pay his debts."

"I haven't forgotten," Father Keogh said.

"You will find me at the hotel Martinez or up in Porfirio's bar."

"And you will find me at the church tomorrow morning or at my house."

Vito rode past still grinning. Soon Malo and his men were out of sight.

"The Martinez was the best hotel in town," Sam confided, "until that lot pitched Papa Martinez out."

"You mean they get the profits from it?"

"Sure, from the bar, but it's not a hotel any more. This lot live in style up there—leastways everyone excepting Pussyfoot lives in style. Pussyfoot don't go for style. That broad of his, Maria, has one helluva fancy suite. I guess Pussyfoot sleeps in style when he visits the girl friend, but for the nights he takes off he fixed himself the darn'dest room. Nothing but a chair and a little old bed nobody'd give you a thank-you for. I never did get Pussyfoot. The other guys doss down like dooks or sump'n. Excepting Porfirio—he sleeps at the bar."

"But why did Martinez sell out?"

"I just told you, he didn't sell. They pitched him out. That's the way they work around here. They get something on a guy so he can't squawk and then they pitch him out. Papa Martinez runs the joint where I work now, the Hotel De La Costa. He's a nice little guy, but his wife's no peach."

"Wasn't he straight?"

"He was till he got in with them, but they get a guy in with them, and that means they got something on him. They done that pretty well throughout the town. That's why friend Pussyfoot's king-pin around here. If the town gives him up, it gives itself up practically. They're all in it up to the neck. Catch him and they catch themselves out. What do you say to a nice little drink?"

"Sounds fine," Father Keogh said. "But I want to go into the church first."

"O.K. But come round afterwards. Here's your stable, bud." He jerked a small square thumb at the church on the side of the hill.

Quantana had three churches once. The largest had been turned into a State school. The second had fallen into decay. The roof had collapsed, flowers struggled up through the rubble and scorpions hid beneath stones. The one on the side of the hill was intact.

"Are you going to come in with me, Sam?"

SAM shook his head. "Now see here, bud, I'll go my way and you go yours. That way we'll get along fine. I wouldn't know how to pray or the right guy to pray to, or what to pray about!"

"I thought you might like to pray for me. I think I'm going to need it."

"I'll just keep my fingers crossed, bud. I'll wait for you outside."

"Thanks," Father Keogh said to him and hurried up the steps of the church.

The dust had preceded him into it. It lay, a long grey carpet, along the aisle and his feet

Doña Marian seemed "very hard-boiled" to Father Keogh. He could not know how lonely, how empty her life was

left deep imprints behind him as if he were being followed by a silent-footed second self. It was dark inside the church except for the glow of the sanctuary lamp. Father Keogh lit the candles.

All but the first front pew were thick in dust and there was a ring off the tabernacle curtain. The silence struck Father Keogh as being suspicious, as if the church itself suspected sacrilege and was chary of any stranger. He noticed that the flowers on the altar were fresh and fine as if someone had cared for them tenderly. Someone had devoted considerable time to the altar decorations, and someone had placed a clean duster at the end of the very front pew.

It was the back of the church that expressed defeat. Vast cobwebs stretched between the pillars. A popcorn bag lay at the feet of St. Francis of Assisi. Three used bus tickets were stuck in the lip of the collection box. Along the aisle the row of dark confessionals looked dingy and cave-like behind their grilles. There were cobwebs across all the grilles except one.

Father Keogh tried not to feel that Father Gomez might have supervised the cleaning services so that they extended to the back of the church. He asked to be pardoned for having such thoughts. Father Gomez was old and worn out. In his middle age he had given battle for the church, in his declining years he had had to fight himself. It was possible that he had won. It was excusable in an old man.

He suddenly missed Father Gomez. He was unaccountably lonely for the little man he had only just met. It saddened him that he had not done more to comfort him. . . .

But there was work to be done. Father Keogh shook his head vigorously. He went out on the steps to call Sam.

Sam lounged against the low wall that separated the church from the road as it curved up the hill.

"I say, Sam, it's filthy in here," Father Keogh said. "Do you think you could lend a hand?"

"Sure," said Sam. "Won't it do in the morning?"

"No," Father Keogh answered. "I want to pray and I want to clean up first."

"Okay," said Sam, and came into the church. He caught Father Keogh's eye and removed his hat.

"There ought to be a broom in the sacristy," Father Keogh said. "I'll go and have a look."

In the sacristy he discovered an old broom and a rotting piece of rag. He took them into the church, calling to Sam: "This is about all there is. I can't allow you to whistle in here, Sam. It isn't respectable in God's house. Will you sweep and I'll dust? Or would you like to dust and I'll sweep?"

Sam took the broom. "It don't matter either way, bud, since what we both have to do is dig. Anyway, I'll get started with this."

The dust hung in thick clouds by the time they had got some semblance of tidiness and order. It was still, to Father Keogh's eye, disgustingly dirty, but he thought he might now pray.

Sam went outside again.

The first prayers that Father Keogh said in the church of Quantana were said with the dust grey upon his strong black head, making an old man of him as he stood before the High Altar; with the dust settling down again in the church behind him and with Sam coughing on the steps outside.

WHEN Father Keogh reached the church at half past six the next morning, Sam had been there before him. There was a note propped up between the toes of St. Peter of Alcantara. It read:

"Dear Bud,

Recognize the old dump? I cleaned out the sinner boxes and I left the doors open to let the smell of the disinfectant out. You should have smelt them before. Phew!

Sam.

PS. I haven't been up this early since the day I was born. They got me up around four thirty then."

Father Keogh removed the note from St. Peter's toes and laughed a little at it. The church was certainly unrecognizable. Sam had surpassed himself. Father Keogh went lightheartedly along to the sacristy to vest.

The tolling of the church bell had a sharp effect upon the town below. Father Gomez had long since ceased to ring the bell. It seldom summoned the lapsers and it drew the attention of Malo to the attendance of the faithful few.

Father Keogh tolled it loudly. And Malo's men heard it.

It woke fat Porfirio, asleep by the woman he regretted marrying. He had beaten her a week after falling in love with her. When he first saw her he was wild to possess her. He saw her outside her father's hut in a tiny Indian settlement and took her straight home with him. He had to marry her; he paid forty pesos. He never forgave her for his own weakness. He resented paying money for an Indian girl. She was twelve when he married her. By the time she was twenty she was middle-aged and fat.

Young Vito Juarez heard the bell. It reminded him that the new priest owed him money for hiring his mule to carry little Father Gomez.

The bell aroused Pablo, Lorenzo and the Jeep. It made Old Uncle Joaquin heave over in heavy sleep. It brought him a secret nostalgia. In the half dream that the bell of the church had disturbed, he lay on his broad flat back and

Quantana's Big Three tell the priest about Malo . . .

The Presidente: "He does no harm—you're wasting your time in Quantana"

Don Pedro: "We're bound to submit; it is too dangerous for me to oppose him"

The chief of police: "If only I had proof—or could catch him red-handed"

remembered a boy. The boy was vested in surplice and soutane. He wore slippers and had smooth black hair and a pale, devout face.

The boy was himself, aged nine. He could hear his own careful diction, piping clear as he advanced, bell in hand, to answer the priest in the name of the congregation. No moments in after life had ever given him that sense of importance and pride that the moments before the High Altar had given him. He frowned in his half sleep, straining his memory. Three times at the *Sanctus* he rang the bell—three times at each Elevation—once at the *Hanc igitur*, and he thought, but could not be certain, that he rang it three times at the *Domine, non sum dignus*.

Old Uncle had never known happiness since. He turned his heavy head into the crook of his arm in an effort to force the fact far back into the recesses of his own half-dreaming mind, that it might wound him no longer with its insistent clamour for recognition. Yes, he remembered. It was many years, but he remembered. That was before the flesh had thickened round his waist and become one with the stomach that protruded in front of it, before his body was heavy to shift in bed. He turned again, angry at the solid weight that had robbed him of the light movements of a boy with a bell in his hand. He had been a good server—the best, Father Gomez used to say. In Quantana they used to say he inspired them when he stood at the altar. He looked ethereal, they said.

He was muttering out loud when Pablo called to him, "For the love of God, shut up."

THE church bell alarmed Maria, Malo's woman. It woke her in a black chiffon nightdress that showed the tips of her breasts. The bell had a lifeless impressive insistence that made her think of death. It did not disturb Malo who lay beside her.

It was half an hour before anyone came to the church. When Father Keogh went out on the steps, he saw five people coming up the path. The giant cypress tree plunged them into violent shade as they walked beneath its boughs. Señor Martinez and his wife and daughter were coming towards the church. So, too, were Locha and her nurse, Josefa.

Señor Martinez was small, plump and good-natured. His wife was thin-lipped and over-gracious. Their daughter, dressed in an unbecoming green, simpered at Father Keogh above the scooped out curve of her too-thin body. The body began with narrow feet, was lost in a flat chest, and ended in rounded shoulders. Why don't they teach girls to hold themselves properly? Father Keogh thought. His favourite sister, Ellen-Dora, at home in Ireland, walked like an Indian princess.

He greeted Josefa and smiled down at Locha. "Hallo," he said. "How are you?"

"I'm in quite good health, thank you," she said. The child looked prim and wise.

Father Keogh asked them when they had last confessed. Señora Martinez and her daughter had confessed to Father Gomez on the morning before he left. Señor Martinez, Josefa and Locha had not confessed for several months. Father Keogh heard their confessions in the confessional that smelt least strongly of disinfectant.

Josefa had stolen five pairs of nylons, one silk petticoat and a pair of gloves from her mistress and sold them to Mother Montezera. Josefa had also charged Mother Montezera a little more than the agreed price for the goods, but she did not think that this was as sinful as it sounded, because Mother Montezera invariably cheated her over the change.

"Why aren't these thefts discovered?"

"It's when we take the things to wash, Father, sometimes they do not come back."

"Ah!" said Father Keogh, and said it a little too loudly. Then he told Josefa that if it were possible she must restore the goods to their rightful owners. "To steal is to deprive someone of something that is his or hers by right," he reminded her. "You might take from someone who can very ill afford to lose; or you might take from someone who has plenty of everything, but places a sentimental value or attaches a special importance to that one thing you have stolen. Even if no importance is attached to it at all, you have taken something which does not belong to you. You must do your best to see that these things are restored, my child, even if you have to buy them back yourself."

LOCHA had put out her tongue at Josefa, drawn her tortoise on the fly leaf of one of her father's books, and been rude to her mother. She did not think there was anything else.

"I do," said Father Keogh.

The child wriggled on her hassock, "Oh, yes, and I was rude to Señor Frankenson. Well, *you* said I was rude to Señor Frankenson."

"Don't you think you were?"

"But he *does* drink too much. Everyone here knows *that*."

"Do you think it was very kind of you to rub it in?"

"Yes—well, no. All right. I was rude to Señor Frankenson."

"And isn't there something else?"

"Oh, yes, I told a lie."

"Don't fidget," said Father Keogh. "What was that lie, my child?"

"I said I didn't-give-you-a-flower-when-I-did-give-you-a-flower." She ran the words into each other and was out of breath at the end of them.

"Kneel properly," Father Keogh ordered. "Was it because you were afraid of Malo-of-the-Cats? Were you afraid that he might be angry if he knew you had done something nice for me?"

"Well," Locha answered, "well, sort of—no, not quite."

Father Keogh asked patiently: "Now, which is it, my child? Either you were or you weren't afraid of him. I don't think it's a proper answer to be 'sort-of-no-not-quite.'"

"Well it is and it isn't," Locha explained. "I was a little afraid he'd be cross with you if he knew we got on so well. Do you think that puts it right?"

"I should think so," Father Keogh said. He gave her a light penance and called out after her, "Locha! I shall know if those prayers

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aren't said. I don't want to come in and hear, 'Silly old Father Keogh, silly old Father Keogh' going on."

When he went into the church, she was tapping out a tune on the edge of the pew with her collection money. His shadow fell across her. She did not turn round. She quickly closed her eyes and folded her hands so tightly that the knuckles whitened. He heard her clear voice reciting with special care to the enunciation for his benefit.

"Hail Mary full of grace. . . ."

He stood smiling down at her for several seconds before he went into the sacristy to vest.

When he returned to his house, he was greeted by Chela and the familiar smell of eggs and bacon.

"Well, Chela, I expected to see you in church."

"Ah, Father, I am a good Catholic, but what would have happened to your nice English breakfast if I had been to church?"

"You must attend to God first, and my breakfast afterwards."

Chela carried in the breakfast. She talked as if she and Father Keogh had been in the middle of a conversation. It took him some while to accustom himself to this habit of hers. He realized in time that she must carry on continual conversations with him in her head.

"Yes, well, it's right what they say about Quantana, Father. You have taken on something here. It is a bad town and the men who have power in it are bad men."

"All the more reason why you should go to church," Father Keogh said firmly.

When he had finished saying his grace, she slapped a table napkin on his knees as if he were a child.

The priest got on with his breakfast. He was hungry and he had much to do. When he set off on his visits he was an object of acute curiosity. He went to the Presidente Municipal first, followed by a small band of children. They refused to converse with him.

THE Presidente was drinking chocolate. "Ah, Padre, I thought I might see you." He sat in a wickerwork chair on his loggia, which commanded one of the best views in Quantana. At the back of his chair a parrot screeched at regular intervals in a fine imitation of the Presidente's voice: "Don Agapito! Don Agapito! Santa Madre de Dios!"

The Presidente was proud of him: "You hear him, Father? No one has taught him—no one—he has picked up these things for himself."

"I hoped I might see you in church this morning," Father Keogh smiled.

The Presidente half-narrowed his eyes. "Yes, well—yes—you'll have some chocolate? My feet, you know; that hill!"

Father Keogh said: "Thank you, I would like some chocolate." And he looked down at the Presidente's feet. They were well slippered and seemed perfectly normal.

The Presidente followed his gaze. "I'm an old man," he explained with a touch of petulance. "I'm a good Catholic, but I'm subject to gout."

"Oh, dear," Kather Keogh said. "I am sorry. Couldn't we find you a car or something? Even if it was only on Sundays——"

"There is one car to be hired in Quantana," the Presidente interrupted. "And he charges double to go up the hill and treble on Sundays."

"I see," said Father Keogh. "Well, if you can't manage to get up to church I might be able to bring you the sacraments."

"Thank you," said the Presidente. "Thank you indeed, but I say if a man can't be a good man without going to church—you did say you'd take some chocolate?"

"Thank you, I did, but to take up your point——"

The Presidente's feet carried him with surprising swiftness to the door. "Arcelia!" he shouted through it. "Arcelia, come here at once!"

"To take up your last point, Señor Presidente Municipal——"

"My wife makes fine chocolate, the best in Quantana. You won't taste any better than hers. Aha!"

He was exultant at the speedy appearance of his wife, but he frowned at the child in her arms. It was his seventh. The preceding six bore his every blunt feature, his thick lips and his indecisive chin. But the seventh bore him no resemblance whatsoever. On the other hand it bore a disconcerting likeness to the señor engineer who lived next door.

The Presidente introduced his young wife. "Arcelia, this is the new padre who has succeeded Father Gomez. I'm sure we make him very welcome."

"Yes, I'm sure we do."

Father Keogh encountered the soft and merry eyes of Doña Arcelia and could find no other description for them but "saucy." He tried "gay," he tried "friendly" and he tried "humorous," but the fact remained that they were "saucy."

"He's got his hands full there all right," Father Keogh thought.

"And this," said the Presidente, "is our little Silvanito, Father. He is only six months old."

"He's a very fine baby," Father Keogh agreed. "Are you a Catholic, Doña Arcelia?"

"Yes, yes, she is a good one," the Presidente answered for her. "But then, you know, she has the children, and servants are not what they were in Quantana. No, no, the problem is serious. They are thieves and bad workers. It is not safe to leave children alone with them. Arcelia, Father Keogh will take a cup of chocolate. I have told him how good it is."

Doña Arcelia departed, plump and meek-faced, but not before she had given the priest a look that startled him. Father Keogh hoped that the Presidente had not noticed it, and the Presidente hoped that the priest had not noticed it.

The Presidente chatted nervously until his wife brought in the chocolate. Father Keogh made a point of admiring the mountains from the window until he was certain Arcelia had left the room again.

The Presidente sat back, smoking. "It's not often you find a good wife these days. Not often you find one obedient." Then he inhaled and said, "Well, Father, you will be wasting your time in Quantana."

"I'm not so sure of that, but then of course there are rather special circumstances here."

"Would you say your church was full this morning?"

"No, but then I was told where to look for the reason for that."

The Presidente threw his head back, laughing. "Poor Anacleto! My dear Father, that's nonsense. Everything bad in the town is laid at Anacleto's door. He is certainly wild——"

"He didn't strike me as being wild."

"It's something that has grown out of bounds. These tales of Anacleto—people lie and they thieve and—pardon me, Father—fornicate. They starve their children, they beat their wives: whatever they do you'll be sure to hear that everything's Anacleto's fault."

"You don't suggest he sets a good example?"

The Presidente shrugged. "He neither drinks nor smokes."

"He commandeered the Martinez Hotel."

"You must not take sides, Father."

"I am here to take one side only, the right side."

"Then you must be very careful, Father—careful to choose which side is right, for your own sake as well as for others. Anacleto does no harm."

"I'm afraid I disagree."

AGAIN, the Presidente shrugged. "Then our point of view is different, Father. But I must ask you to reflect: Quantana is peaceful now, and prosperous——"

"And sinful."

"My dear Father, it is not only the laity which has the monopoly of sin. For instance, this may distress you, Father, but the departed Father Gomez was 'wise.'"

"He felt that he had been *un*wise."

"Wisdom does not necessarily mean happiness, but it can mean peace and

"You get faster service here than any place I know of"

security, not only for ourselves but for others. Whereas a misplaced conception of duty can bring havoc and destruction and generally make things worse."

"Are you a wise man, Señor Presidente Municipal?"

The Presidente spread his hands. "I am an old man and my feet are bad. I cannot get about. I have much time for quiet reflection."

Father Keogh put down his cup. "Your wife's chocolate is excellent. Congratulate her, please."

The Presidente bowed. Father Keogh out. In the street he opened his notebook, ticked the Presidente's name and wrote beside it, "Watch him."

He next saw the chief of police. He was shown into a small bare room with whitewashed walls.

The *jefe*, a big man with depressed eyes, sat behind a pinewood desk with a bottle of mescal beside him. He wore a pistol on his hip. He offered the priest some chocolate.

"No thank you, I've just been having some."

"I hear you had rather an adventurous introduction to Quantana. I'm sorry if you felt it undignified. Father Gomez must have been rather a favourite."

Father Keogh looked carefully at him. There was no hint of sarcasm, it sprang from a natural courtesy and a simple desire not to hurt.

"I suppose I didn't see you in church because you're such a good Catholic?" Father Keogh asked.

The *jefe* raised his eyebrows and brought them down again. "You didn't see me in church because I am not a good Catholic."

"I think I'd rather hear that,' said Father Keogh, "than hear that you had excuses." The *jefe* kept solemn eyes on him.

Father Keogh sat forward to ask him. "I wonder if you'd tell me—to what extent you are allowed to keep order here?"

"Allowed?" The sad eyes narrowed somewhat.

Father Keogh wondered. Have they all got that habit of Malo's? "When I said 'allowed,' I meant, of course, Malo-of-the-Cats."

"Comachi makes no trouble for me, if I make no trouble for him."

"How does that fit in with law and order?"

"Comachi makes his own laws, and in his way he keeps good order."

"By stealing people's property, collecting illegal taxes, desecrating the church, holding moral hostages, and ruling the town by an evil force?"

"The force is no longer necessary. He has his way. The people are content."

"Content?"

"They resist no more. That way they're left undisturbed. The Mexican is not as wild as he is rumoured. He may have a quick minute of violence, but in his heart he's a man of peace."

"And don't you feel called upon to offer resistance to him yourselves?"

"We may feel what we please, Father, but we are not called upon."

"Suppose you used your own initiative?"

"I should come up against a stone wall. My men are underpaid . . . one or two of them are such fine men that they could not be corrupted if they were not paid at all."

"I see," said Father Keogh.

"No one complains about Comachi—very rarely perhaps—but the complaint is soon withdrawn, and that particular individual never complains again."

"In point of fact, you're here to protect a people who refuse to allow you to protect them against an illicit ruler they have chosen themselves."

"Chosen would not be correct. Accepted would be correct."

"A ruler who prevents them from practising their faith."

"That's your business, Father, not mine."

"Would you call murder your business?"

"If I could prove it was that."

"What about A for Arneta, B for Beltran, C. for Carranza, and very nearly G for Gomez?"

"When no one is anxious to help you prove something, Father, things are not easy to prove. When everyone is anxious to disprove something—it is impossible to prove." The *jefe* sat back again and poured out a glass of mescal. "Once I thought I had something. Old Don José disappeared. His body was found on the hillside in the River of Small Receptions, where so many young children get drowned. It's a swift river, but not very big, you never know with it. After the rains it gets ideas, but this was not after the rains. Don José could easily have saved himself. I happened to know there was trouble coming for him. Don José was always rebellious, he was one of the few who still dared. I knew there were 'taxes' owing. But——" The *jefe* shrugged. "But surely they realize that if you get Malo they needn't fear him any more?"

With a wry smile, the *jefe* said. "Perhaps, but they don't care for the risk. Don José gets killed—but they say it was an accident because they don't want the same sort of accident happening to them. Yes, yes, we do know it's not good. But then, there are other things. Comachi is as careful as a woman with only a handful of beans to feed ten children. Comachi is not extravagant. And he has genius, that boy. He does not want trouble from Mexico City. He will never overstep himself."

"Supposing you gave him enough rope to hang himself?"

"He would not hang himself, he would hang you and me and save what was left over for somebody else. He wouldn't waste one inch of that rope."

"There must be some way to catch him out."

"Usually all you have to do is wait," the *jefe* said. "Most people get too big

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for themselves. If Comachi were anyone else but Comachi, I should feel that all I had to do was wait."

"Don't you think he'll ever trip up?"

The *jefe* shook his head, "It would never be like that with our friend Comachi. He is wise. He's content to be running Quantana. You might think he would want to do the same thing in Huapan, or Arenales, or Cerro Colorado, but no. It took him a long time to get in here, and he's not going to risk getting himself out of here to get in somewhere else."

"He's certainly got a unique position here. They hate him and work hard to keep him."

"These murders you spoke of—and I don't doubt they were murders—they were a long time ago, you know. There hasn't been much trouble since."

"Supposing there was?"

"If he killed again? Well, even here we don't like killings. . . . If I could catch him red-handed, or get someone to prove it . . . we'd *get him*." The last two words showed his ambition.

"If only we could make the people less afraid. Or less compromising, or complacent, or whatever you care to call it, don't you think then, we might have a chance?" Father Keogh asked.

"If only!" The *jefe* smiled.

FATHER KEOGH stood up. "Just one thing more. In what capacity can you act if you've got all these restrictions on you?"

"We can deal with the petty offences. We can pick you up if you smoke marijuana . . . or if too much pulque or mescal puts you out on your face in the street. That is, of course, if you didn't happen to have been drinking or smoking with *him*."

"It's rough luck on the petty offenders."

"Yes, we have a lot of time to spare for them—this town is as clean as a whistle, as far as petty offenders go. And if we didn't clean them up, Comachi would. He doesn't like disorder."

"I must watch my step," Father Keogh smiled.

"Yes, Father, you certainly must."

Outside, Father Keogh wrote down in his note book: "Chief of police. O.K." Then he went up to the big house. He smiled a little as he walked. There would be the child, Locha, again; he looked forward to seeing her.

He found her at the gate. "Hallo, Locha," he called out to her. "I'm coming to visit you."

She stood back when he opened the gate. "What for?"

"I've come to call on your mother and father."

"You're not going to tell them what I told you this morning?"

"My dear child, confession is secret. We never tell anything people confess unless they ask us to. Surely you must have known that." He held out his hand to her, but she refused to take it. Her eyes looked mistrustfully at him. "Won't you take my hand?"

"No."

"All right." He dropped his arm and watched her walk beside him. She walked with her head down and her arms folded. Halfway to the great wooden doors, she plucked his sleeve.

"Yes, what is it?" He bent down to hear her. She held out her hand, not looking at him. He took it and held it firmly. "How's the tortoise?" he asked.

"Quite well, thank you."

"Don't you think we could find him a nicer name than Malo?"

"He's not called Malo now."

"What is he called?"

"Nothing."

He looked down at her, smiling. "What are you sulking about?"

"Nothing."

"What a lot of nothings!"

She was silent a moment and then she asked: "What's your name—I mean your first name?"

"Michael, but my sister calls me Micky."

"Can I call my tortoise that?"

"Yes, do. I feel very flattered."

She ran off, shouting: "Micky! Micky! Micky!"

At the door he was received by the *mozo*, Francisco Jimenez, who took him up to Don Pedro's library.

Don Pedro sat in a dome-shaped room lined with books. He sat at a desk on which books were piled. He had a thin and emotionless face. He kept a finger on the place in his book when Father Keogh was shown into the room. Then he placed a marker in the page and stood up. He spoke in perfect English.

"Good morning, Father. How do you do?" He came forward and offered Father Keogh a chair. "May I offer you something to drink? You look pretty warm."

"I am. Perhaps I'll have a mineral."

"Good." Don Pedro rang a bell.

"I've made friends with your daughter," Father Keogh said. "I think she's very sweet."

"Locha? Yes, I'm afraid she gets left on her own, poor child. But there's really no one round here she could play with. She's a very reserved little thing."

"Is she? I found her rather chatty."

"Did you? You ought to feel honoured. My wife complains that she can't get a word out of her, and she hasn't much to say to me."

"I was wondering," Father Keogh began, and broke off when Francisco came into the room. He stood grinning in his white, loose-fitting suit.

"A tray of soft drinks," Don Pedro ordered.

When Francisco went out, Father Keogh continued: "I was wondering if you would give me your opinion of what's going on in this town."

"You mean the bandit grip on it?" Don Pedro leaned back. "It's most reprehensible, but we are bound to submit to it. The majority have decided that for us."

"When you say 'we,' do you include yourself?"

"My dear Father, I am the richest man hereabouts. I should be the last to be allowed to escape. Certainly I pay my taxes to him. He sends his agent up to collect them. I can afford them better than some of the poor wretches he extorts money from. They are reduced to penury by him."

"Then surely they would be grateful if you set an example and made a stand against him?"

DON PEDRO shook his head. "The opposite, Father. They would turn on me. They would never have the courage to follow my example. They would merely resent the rich man trying to wriggle out of something which the poor man has to pay."

"What a vicious circle," Father Keogh said.

"You must remember, Father, that over ninety per cent of the population here are peasants or have been peasant bred. Superstition plays a very great part in them. Many of the surrounding villages and three-quarters of Quantana earnestly believe that Comachi can use supernatural powers against them."

"I hope to lead the people back to God," said Father Keogh simply.

"I can't say I envy you your task. I am Comachi's accomplice as far as I have told you, in that I pay him money which he has no right to claim. If I didn't, I should run the risk of the town's hostility, having my daughter kidnapped, my wife robbed and my house burnt down."

"I wonder you stay here in such conditions."

Don Pedro raised his eyes. "My family has lived here for hundreds of years. This is my home. Provided we submit to his dictatorship, there are no outward disturbances now. I hope you will not cause any, Father."

"I hope not, too," Father Keogh said.

At the end of the interview, Father Keogh wrote in his notebook: "Don Pedro—sitting on the fence."

IN the room above the library, Doña Marian sat putting a quick red lacquer across her nails. Doña Marian was dressed with the same good taste which had decorated the room in which she sat. The hard fair hair was swept into a tight bun. Each ear held a twist of gold. High round the throat there was a circle of pink-flushed pearls. The dress was a steel and black check. The shoes were plain, the stockings sheer, and a wine-red lipstick matched the nails.

The eyes were at odds with the rest of the face. They were blue with an anxious friendliness, but the mouth denied the eyes. There were two lines either side of it, so deep that they might have been scars. Behind her Josefa stood, fussing with the hard gold hair.

"Josefa, squirt me with perfume, will you . . . ? Do you think the priest will call on me?"

"Well, Doña Marian, I should think so. To visit the lady is only polite. I will catch him coming out. Oh, Doña Marian, you should see him!"

"Josefa, go find me some good books. You know, the kind I leave around for my husband to see."

Josefa went out of the room, but before she shut the door she was muttering an autocratic prayer: "Now if God is good he will send him up. Yes, a good God will send up the priest. The poor lady needs to see someone just now and again. She can't live alone in her head, can she . . . ?"

When Doña Marian's nails were dry, she powdered her nose and rouged her lips. Then she crossed her legs and drummed her long fingers on the side of the chair.

There was one discordant note in the room. There was a poor reproduction of Frans Hals's portrait of "The Fool" on the wall.

On the rare occasions when Don Pedro visited his wife's private apartment, he grumbled about it. "The house is full of magnificent pictures and yet you have to hang up a bad print."

"I like him. He cheers me up."

It was the fact that the grin was idiotic that cheered her up. Sometimes she spoke out loud to it: "I may be dumb, but you're nuts!"

It was the same in her childhood, the same in her schooldays. She grew up between two clever sisters, and she fell into silence between them. Everyone saw that she was beautiful, everyone thought she was dumb, but nobody realized she was sensitive.

Her two sisters giggled in corners. If she asked them to explain a joke to her, they hugged themselves and laughed.

She grew up knowing nothing of the facts that surrounded life. She was pitched into the roaring twenties with very few warnings. Her father disapproved of cocktails, her mother told her that to smoke was unladylike. She received no other warnings. Because she never knew what to say, she overemphasized what little she had to say. She found it easier to talk to a man than to a woman. She never could understand why. She attached no importance to her physical charms. She badly wanted women friends. It was company she wanted, not admiration.

Men paid compliments to her eyes and her hair and her figure. Then they asked her to lunch, or to dine, or to drive with them. She noticed that it was usually after dancing with them that they first suggested she should sleep with them. It usually took three days. She was puzzled if it took any longer.

BEFORE she was twenty-one she met Don Pedro. His eyes lay like two dreamy jet-black lozenges under his tranquil brows, but beneath a tiny, thin moustache his mouth was firm and cold. After three days she said to him: "Aren't *you* going to ask me to sleep with you?" Don Pedro said he was, but he asked her to marry him first. She accepted him at once.

When he told her that he thought her morals left much to be desired, she put her hands to her eyes and cried.

He took her in his arms and wiped her eyes. He was trying not to smile. "Now, Marian, you must know right from wrong. Every young girl knows that. How am I going to trust you when we're married?"

"Oh, I couldn't do *that* after you."

"What makes you so sure?"

"I guess because I love you."

Don Pedro decided to believe her.

Her family, the Ketters, were greatly excited. Marian marrying a Spanish—count—prince—duke. The title grew as it sped round the town. They were captivated by Don Pedro's icy courtesy and they were nonplussed by his marrying Marian. They mostly fell back on: "Of course, she *is* beautiful. She's the most beautiful girl in town."

It was old Joe Ketter who hit on the truth. "Sometimes a clever man doesn't want a clever woman. Sometimes he gets more peace that way."

Don Pedro wanted peace.

They went round the world on their honeymoon. At first she chattered endlessly to him. It was easy to talk to someone who loved her—someone who must have wanted something other than her body because he had married it first; someone who could not have found her a bore if he was willing to put up with her company for life.

She confided happily in Don Pedro: "You know what, Pey? It seems that I was waiting all along for you to come and talk to me. Oh, I didn't catch on at first. I guess they're right to call me dumb. I just thought I wanted any old person to talk to, but I guess I couldn't talk to nobody else, because all along I know it was only you I wanted to talk to!"

She chattered so much that it took her some while to notice that he seldom answered her.

When she did notice she was anxious. "You're not bored with me, Pey?"

"No, my dear, of course not. I was thinking about something else."

He was frequently thinking of something else, and he suddenly ended their honeymoon.

Quantana was turbulent when they returned to it and Don Pedro forbade her to go out without him. He spent

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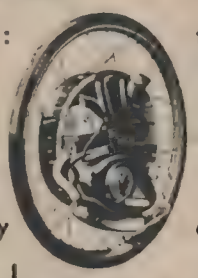

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most of the day in the library, and a large portion of the night, too. At first she interrupted him. She burst in and out of the room. "Pey, honey, look! They sent it—my perfume's come from Paris." And she took the stopper out and waved it beneath his nose.

"It's delicious," he told her. "What is it?"

"They call it 'Suspense.' Don't you think that's cute? They have one called 'Suspicion,' too."

"Have they?" he said. "How nice."

He kept his finger on his place in his book. When she noticed the finger, she began to knock before she entered. "Pey, honey, do I disturb you?"

"No, my dear, what is it?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to talk."

"Then come in, my dear, and talk." And he put a marker in his book and sat back with his hands folded. She could think of nothing to say to him.

She was willing to learn from Don Pedro, but he seemed disinclined to teach her anything. She read avidly herself, anything that she could lay her hands on. She quoted long paragraphs at him, hoping to win admiration. "Why do you read that muck?" he asked her about something that had taken her a week to puzzle out.

She paid fewer and fewer visits to the library. Then she paid none at all. They met at meal times, and the early hours of the morning. He would have talked at meal times, but she grew shy of him, frightened of boring him.

"What's that you're wearing today, my dear—'Suspicion'?"

"No, Pey, it isn't that one. They call it 'Pagan Heaven.'"

She felt a fool when she said the name and inwardly cursed its creator.

When she lay in his arms she lost her loneliness, but it returned with the start of each day. There were times when she cried in his arms. "Pey, honey, I get so lonely for you."

"But, my dear girl, I'm always here with you."

"Pey, I love you so much I get scared of you."

He kissed her and called her foolish.

The élite of Quantana called on her. They did not approve of Don Pedro's choice. She smoked and she drank, and she thought Mexican formalities "something right out of the Ark." The élite of Quantana ceased to call. Don Pedro was relieved and never once wondered what his young wife found to do with herself all day. But he found time to frown at her sometimes: "You drink and smoke too much."

If she went away she hurried home to him. She was never unfaithful to him.

When she found she was pregnant she prayed for a girl. When Locha was born she was obsessed with her. "Oh, baby, grow up as quick as you can. We're going to be such friends!"

She sat by the cot for hours on end, sewing for the baby and chattering to it. "We're going to have such fun together. I can teach you to dress so pretty no other girl in the room will stand a chance. Oh, I've got things to teach you, honey. I'm not as dumb as that." And she picked up the baby and cuddled it, kissing its solemn face.

She was happy until Locha learned to read. It was fun then for a time. The child read out aloud to her mother. But soon there were more important books, and: "Mother, I want to hear this one myself."

Doña Marian found it "cute" to begin with. "Now isn't that cute, Pey? Don't you think that's cute? The kid talks about *hearing* a book."

"All books have tongues," Don Pedro said.

There were more and more books that Locha wanted to hear by herself. She started to shut herself away. At first Doña Marian interrupted her. "Locha, honey, your Aunt Mary wrote from home. Don't you think this little cat your cousin Dyke Brown drew is cute?"

Locha raised a small, pale face that held Don Pedro's eyes in it. One finger marked the place in her book. When she noticed it, Doña Marian never interrupted her daughter again.

When Father Keogh came into the room he was greeted by "Pagan Heaven." He saw an ageing bright young thing, and he thought that it was the pleasures of a rag-time world that had stamped the hard lines on her face.

He managed to escape from her after five minutes. Against her name in his little notebook he wrote: "Gushing and *very* hard-boiled."

He went to see the doctor and the dentist. Against the doctor's name in his notebook he wrote: "O.K." Beside the dentist's name he put a question mark. He saw the bank manager, Don Miguel, and several other officials.

With the exception of the dentist, they were all good Catholics and they all had good excuses. He drew a line down the centre of the page in his notebook. On one side he wrote "For him" and on the other "Against him." Under "For him" he listed the names of all those who called Malo, Anacleto. Under "Against him" he listed all those who called him Malo or the Bad One. Even then he suspected that some of those who were for him were against him. He made another note: "Frightened of him—the whole lot, with the exception of Sam—and, possibly, the *jefe*."

THAT day, the bus returned. It was Chela who brought Father Keogh the news. Through his window he could see Roberto of the Bus. He was the centre of a fast-growing circle that pressed eagerly about him. Quantana thrived on news. Roberto brought with him parcels from Huapan and messages from relatives and friends. But he was waving his hands about, telling a tale. He might have been miming Chela's words.

"You see, Father," she said, "they did not know at first. Not till they called for the tickets. They do that when it stops at the Hua Pass. They say that he must have died just there, for when they shook him he made no answer. Old Don Timoteo and Doña Bernardina believed he was praying, for he still kept his hands to his face."

Through the window, Roberto of the Bus was pressing his face in his hands.

"Doña Bernardina addressed him once. She said: 'Father, you've dropped your handkerchief and Don Timoteo picked it up.' Then they thought the old man must be sleeping."

Roberto made his head slump forward and let it roll about.

"Then his little black book dropped down, and old Don Timoteo knew he was dead. He took Father Gomez by the shoulders and he tumbled right down and made a great cut in his head."

Father Keogh could no longer see Roberto of the bus. He held his own face in his hands.

When Father Keogh next appeared in church he was vested in a black chasuble. Josefa whispered to Locha: "He is going to say a requiem for the poor little Father Gomez."

Later, at home, Father Keogh read a letter from his bishop.

"There is no doubt that his death was due to heart failure. I have been in communication with the doctor who examined the body and he gives it as his opinion that he must have been dead fifteen hours. As this is practically the length of the journey, it would appear that he died before leaving Quantana, but I feel that there must be a mistake in connection with this statement. . . . I shall be glad to hear from you on this point."

Father Keogh put the letter down. He prayed for Father Gomez, and then sat for a long time in thought. At last, he rose and went out. He met Malo.

"Good afternoon, Father."

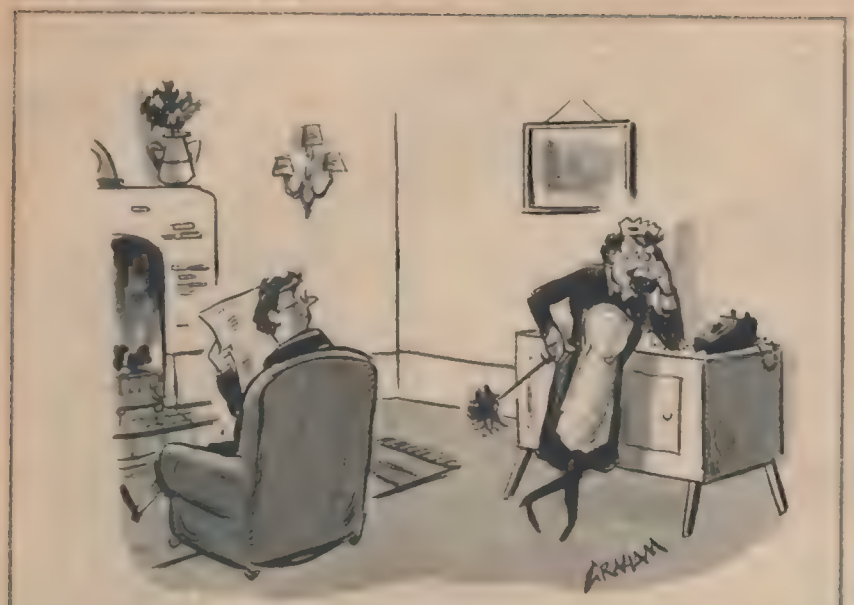
"Good afternoon, Señor Comachi. You must have heard that it was G for Gomez after all?"

"I don't think I quite understand you, Father."

"Perhaps I could make it simpler for you. A for Arrieta, B for Beltran, C for Carranza, D for Dominguez, E for Elizondo, F for Fernandez—and G for Gomez."

Smiling, Malo held up four fingers. "Ah, yes. *How* does it go on—H-I-J-*K*, Father?" Father Keogh gazed at the smiling face, and there was no hint of threat or blackmail in it. But the blackmail was there. Unless he left Quantana, three innocent people would die—before his turn came.

To be continued next week



"Hallo! . . . Acme Domestic Servants' Agency?"

ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 19

was quietly rehabilitated, and as a sop appointed colonel-in-chief of his old regiment, with whom he sought and found death in the Polish campaign a year later. But he was never recalled to office, nor was Himmler brought to task.

By the time the trial came to an end on March 18, the case had ceased to attract attention; by then it had been lost to sight in the excitement of a still greater triumph for the Master of Germany.

For on March 12 the German Army marched into Austria, its formations greeted by cheering crowds, its tanks and guns decorated with flowers. The young Austrian who had been a down-and-out in Vienna before 1914 returned to hold his reception in the Palace of the Hapsburgs, and to take the salute at a great parade on the Heldenplatz, through which he had once wandered without the price of a meal.

The next four years were years of almost unequalled triumph: 1938—Austria and the Sudetenland annexed; 1939—Bohemia and Moravia, the conquest of Poland; 1940—Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France, the French Army thrashed and the British driven into the sea.

In 1941, Greece was overcome and Jugoslavia beaten into capitulation; in North Africa, Rommel swept the British back to the Egyptian frontier. All this was only the prelude to the great set-piece—Operation Barbarossa, the invasion of the Soviet Union, launched on June 22 with more than a hundred and fifty divisions.

Scorned The Experts

In those four years the German armies won a succession of victories which eclipsed the greatest of the past. Yet, at the end of it all, the relations between Hitler and his generals were worse than they had ever been before. From the end of the Polish campaign, the army leaders had become more and more critical of the risks which Hitler was prepared to run.

Hitler, on his side, always distrustful of experts, became more and more scornful of the caution and conservatism of the professional soldier. Convinced of his own military genius, he refused to listen to advice—or to facts—which ran counter to his own views and wishes.

When Brauchitsch, the C.-in-C. of the German Army, and Halder, his chief of staff, tried to express their anxieties about Russia, Hitler flew into a rage. In six weeks, he boasted, he would be in Leningrad, and in eight the Russians would be suing for peace. So confident was he that he refused to take steps to distribute winter clothing to the troops; by the winter the whole campaign would be over.

From the moment the invasion began, Hitler insisted on interfering with the conduct of the war at every point. It was thanks to his insistence on attacking Leningrad in the north and thrusting into the Ukraine in the south that the main advance on Moscow was held up until October.

It was a race now with the winter as well as with the Russians, and the odds against the Germans steadily lengthened. They fought their way through one after another of the towns shielding the Russian capital on the west, but their pace was slackening, the winter nights began to close in, the cold became more intense, the snow thicker. Still Hitler flogged the troops on: whatever the cost, they must make good his boasts.

The Counter-attack

On the night of December 5-6 General Hoeppner's 4th Panzer Army fought its way to a point twenty miles from the Kremlin. The troops had reached the limit of their advance and of their endurance. At that moment the Russians launched a massive counter-attack with a group of armies held in reserve—armies which Hitler had denied could still exist.

At Hitler's H.Q. in East Prussia, several hundred miles behind the front, there was consternation and furious scenes. When General Guderian, Germany's outstanding tank commander, flew back to convince Hitler that they must withdraw to more defensible positions, Hitler shouted at him: "No! I forbid that!"

Ignoring the fact that the ground was frozen to a depth of five feet, Hitler ordered Guderian to dig in and fight. He accused him of exaggerating. "You are seeing events at too close range. You have been too deeply impressed by the suffering of the soldiers. You feel too much pity for them. Believe me, things appear clearer when examined at longer range."

The only result of Guderian's intervention was his own dismissal a few days later. "At this critical moment," says one of the German divisional commanders, "the troops were remembering what they had heard about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. If they had once began a retreat, it might have turned into a panic flight."

Hitler's methods for preventing this were crude but surprisingly effective. He brushed aside the advice to withdraw and ruthlessly enforced his order to stand and fight. Those who failed were dismissed like Guderian.

By an extraordinary display of willpower Hitler forced his decision through, and the German line, though withdrawn, did not break. But Hitler's success was more fatal than failure. Henceforward there were no limits to his belief in his own genius. In his speech of January 30, 1942, at the height of the crisis, he spoke of his "unbounded confidence, confidence in

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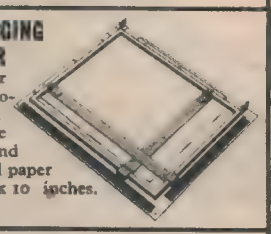

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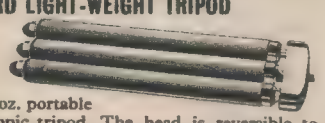

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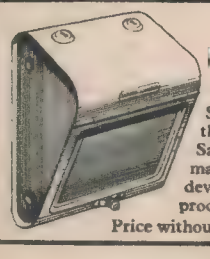

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myself, so that nothing, whatever it may be, can throw me out of the saddle, so that nothing can shake me."

Instead of learning from the mistakes of the previous year, Hitler ordered still more ambitious objectives for 1942—the capture of the oil wells of the Caucasus and a simultaneous drive to reach the Volga at Stalingrad. By thus dividing his forces, he made sure that neither operation would succeed.

By the time the Germans reached the Volga, the Russians had brought up reinforcements, and a prestige battle between the two dictators for the city which bore Stalin's own name was joined. Determined at all costs to capture the city, Hitler ignored the advice of his staff officers on the danger of leaving an open northern flank undermanned.

Hitler accused his staff of cowardice as well as incompetence. He ridiculed their intelligence reports and, on one occasion, when an officer read out a report that the Russians were mustering more than a million men to the north of the city, he flew at the unfortunate man with clenched fists and foaming lips, forbidding him to read such idiotic nonsense.

When General Jodl, sent to investigate the breakdown of the Caucasus offensive, ventured to remind Hitler of his own earlier directives, Hitler became so angry that he refused to eat any longer at the same table with his staff officers, and ordered stenographers to be present at every future conference in order to take down what was said.

Russian Net Tightens

But even Hitler's stubborn will could not alter the facts. During the winter of 1942 the Russians steadily tightened the net round the German Army at Stalingrad. All attempts to open a corridor to the beleaguered men from the outside failed, but Hitler refused categorically to allow General von Paulus to fight his way out.

At the end of January, 1943, Paulus reported that the suffering of his troops had passed the limit of human endurance. Hitler was unmoved. "Capitulation is impossible," he replied. "The 6th Army will do its historic duty at Stalingrad to the last man." A few days later Paulus and what were left of the 330,000 men under his command surrendered to the Russians. Hitler's only comment was that he had been betrayed.

By the end of 1943 Germany was defeated. This plain fact Hitler refused to admit; rather than admit it he was prepared to carry out his threat to drag Germany and half Europe down with him in destruction. The question that remained was whether the German people would let him.

There were not lacking in Germany men and women who hated the régime under which they lived, and longed to see the Nazis overthrown. But as individuals they had nothing to pit against the organized power of a police state.

Call To Resistance

The helplessness of even the most courageous individuals in such a situation is illustrated by the case of a brother and sister, Hans and Sophie Scholl, who were students at Munich University. With great courage they and a tiny group of other young Germans wrote and circulated anti-Nazi leaflets which contained sentences such as: "Resign from the party. . . . The German name is shamed for ever if German youth does not rise at last to take revenge. . . . The dead of Stalingrad are calling to you."

In February, 1943, immediately after Stalingrad, there was an anti-Nazi demonstration when the Gauleiter of Munich addressed the university students and told them that women students would be better employed in bearing children for the Nazi State than in pursuing higher education. A day or two later Hans and Sophie Scholl threw hundreds of copies of one of their leaflets from a balcony at the university. They were at once arrested.

At their trial Sophie appeared in court with a broken leg as a result of the torture to which she had been

subjected. This did not prevent her standing up to the Nazi president of the court, the brutal Roland Freisler. "You know as well as we do," she told him, "that the war is lost. Why are you so cowardly that you won't admit it?"

The same afternoon she and her brother were beheaded. Their courage is immortal, but the practical effect of their demonstration in getting rid of the régime was nil.

It was even more futile to think of a popular rising or a workers' revolt. The number of people who were prepared to risk their lives like Hans and Sophie Scholl was small, and the whole organization and training of the S.S. and the security police was directed to dealing with precisely such a situation.

Army Conspirators

The only chance of taking action to get rid of the Nazi rulers of Germany was by action at the top, by a small group of men who were in a position to seize control of the machinery of State from behind the scenes.

The one place in which to look for such a group was the army, the sole institution in Germany which had the force at its disposal to deal with the S.S. and the security police if it came to a showdown.

From the year 1938 such a group had been in existence. Its leader was the quiet, upright and philosophical General Ludwig Beck, who resigned from the post of Chief of the Army General Staff because of his disagreement with the risks of Hitler's foreign policy. With him, on the civilian side, was the indomitable Karl Goerdeler, one-time Chief Burgomaster of Leipzig.

These two men, both around the age of sixty, remained the heads of the conspiracy to the end. Their chief centre was in the last place anyone would have suspected, the counter-intelligence section of Hitler's own High Command—the Abwehr.

The head of the Abwehr was the mysterious, white-haired admiral with a Greek name, Wilhelm Canaris, who sympathized with the conspirators, without joining the plot himself, and extended the valuable protection of his department as a "cover" for their activities. It was, for instance, with the help of papers prepared by Hitler's own counter - intelligence service that the group was able to send emissaries abroad. In this way Dietrich Bonhoeffer, a distinguished Protestant pastor who had once been in charge of the German Church in London, travelled to Sweden in 1942 and met the Bishop of Chichester.

Both in 1938 and again in 1939 this group of men had attempted to persuade the C.-in-C. of the Army, General Brauchitsch, to take action to restrain or remove Hitler. They met with no success, and during the years of victory which followed, Hitler appeared to have established his power beyond dispute.

The disasters in Russia and North

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Refills in Blue, Black, Red, Green and Violet Ink

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Chilton Shavers prove that good electric dry shaving is within the reach of all. Use a BUK or KUB and sense the powerful strokes which actually shear *below* skin level at almost a million a minute. When the shaver head has passed over your face you can caress a cooler, clearer skin than ever. No soap, no brush, no water, no blades. This is why more and more men are turning to Chilton Electric Shavers for face flattery. So inexpensive, so trouble-free.

Five cutting heads in one lapped to a diamond-hard steel head with both slots and holes for long or short hairs — no wonder they always shave with such quiet ease. No Radio or Television interference whatever.

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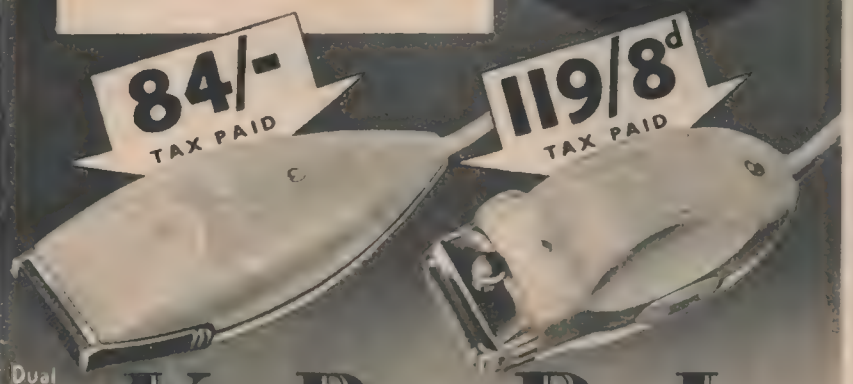

Dual Voltage model 95/-

KuB and Buk

ELECTRIC DRY SHAVERS

CHILTON PRODUCTS

Made by

CHILTON ELECTRIC PRODUCTS LTD.

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OBTAINABLE FROM all good Chemists (Boots, Timothy Whites, etc.), Electrical and Ironmongery Shops and Stores.

Africa, and the bombing of German towns rapidly changed the picture. After Stalingrad even the most unpolitical of the German generals began to wonder where Hitler's "inspired" leadership would lead the German Army and what the cost would be.

Yet previous experience convinced the conspirators that until Hitler was dead and the oath of allegiance which the officers and men of the German Army had sworn to him was thereby annulled, there was precious little hope of persuading any of the generals with troops under their command to organize a mutiny, especially at a time when Germany was fighting for its life.

Hitler's Bodyguard

The preliminary condition of rebellion therefore was the assassination of Hitler. This was a formidable undertaking in view of the precautions with which the intensely suspicious Fuehrer surrounded himself, and the distrust he already felt towards the army. In Himmler's S.S., Hitler had a fanatically loyal Praetorian Guard; wherever he went, there were always guards at his side. Nevertheless, during 1943, seven attempts were planned against Hitler's life, and at least one of them nearly came off.

In March, 1943, Hitler was due to visit the headquarters of the Central Army Group at Smolensk in Russia. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army Group, Field Marshal von Kluge, had long been aware of the existence of a plot to overthrow the régime, but like so many of the other generals he would not commit himself until he knew that the coup was going to be successful. On his staff, however, were two men who were determined to take any risks to rid their country of the man whom they regarded as certain to destroy it if he was left in power.

The first of these was Henning von Tresckow, a stockbroker and banker before the war, who had rejoined the army and risen to the rank of general. The second was Fabian von Schlabrendorff, a quiet, intellectual lawyer who had long been active in the original anti-Nazi group in Berlin.

Had Field Marshal von Kluge been willing to join them, Tresckow and Schlabrendorff hoped to use the officers of a cavalry regiment commanded by one of their friends to seize and execute the Fuehrer. But Kluge's endless hesitations forced them to devise another scheme: they now planned to place a delayed action bomb in Hitler's aeroplane when he visited Smolensk.

Used British Bombs

It was not at all easy to secure the material needed. The German fuses in use made a hissing noise which might lead to discovery. But the R.A.F. were in the habit of dropping over Germany explosives and fuses for use in sabotage work, which suited the conspirators' purpose admirably because the fuse depended on the silent action of a corrosive acid.

Tresckow and Schlabrendorff got hold of a supply of these time-bombs and carried out a number of experiments with them. Satisfied that they knew how to work them, they then made up a package of two bombs constructed to look like a couple of bottles, and awaited Hitler's arrival.

In the meantime, Schlabrendorff had been in touch with General Oster, the chief conspirator in the Abwehr group, and with General Olbricht, the Chief of Staff of the Reserve Army. Their task, once Hitler had been eliminated, was to put into operation the plans for the army to overpower the S.S. and the police and to seize control in Berlin, Vienna, Munich and Cologne.

On March 13, Hitler arrived at Smolensk. While Tresckow joined the party to meet the Fuehrer at the airport, Schlabrendorff sent off the agreed code-word to Oster and Olbricht in Berlin. When the party from the airport reached the H.Q., Schlabrendorff noticed that Hitler at once removed his cap; out of curiosity he picked it up from the table and found that it was lined with protective armour. At meals it was noticeable that Hitler ate only food prepared by his own cook and tasted before his eyes. The Fuehrer evidently left nothing to chance.

During lunch Tresckow casually asked one of Hitler's staff, Colonel Brandt, if he would be good enough to take back a couple of bottles of brandy for one of his friends, General Stieff, who was stationed at Hitler's H.Q. in East Prussia. Brandt agreed, and after lunch Schlabrendorff took the two bombs made up to look like bottles and, after setting the fuse, handed the package to Brandt as he was about to board Hitler's plane. The bombs were timed to explode in half an hour.

After watching the plane disappear westwards in the direction of East Prussia, the two conspirators returned to Smolensk to await the news. Their excitement was intense, but had to be carefully concealed.

Half an hour passed, an hour. Still no news came. At the end of two hours they learned to their horror that Hitler had landed safely in East Prussia without any untoward incident. The attempt had miscarried.

The two conspirators at once rang up Berlin and passed on another code message, which fortunately arrived in time to prevent any orders being sent out. They then rang up Hitler's H.Q. in East Prussia and inquired of Brandt if he still had the package with him. When Brandt replied that he had, Tresckow, trying to appear as casual as possible, asked him not to deliver it to Stieff as there had been a mistake, and Schlabrendorff would collect it in the course of a visit which he was due to pay the following day.

Job For Cool Nerves

Next day, Schlabrendorff set out for East Prussia, carrying with him two genuine bottles of brandy to exchange for the bomb. Brandt good-naturedly handed over the original package, giving it a jerk as he did so which caused Schlabrendorff's heart to stand still. As soon as possible Schlabrendorff made his excuses and got away to the neighbouring railway station.

Until he could open the package and learn what had gone wrong, Schlabrendorff was well aware that he might himself be blown to pieces at any minute. With remarkably cool nerves, however, he did nothing rash, but waited for the night sleeper for Berlin. He had the good luck to secure a compartment for himself and, once inside, locked the door and proceeded to take the bomb to pieces with a razor blade.

It was delicate work in a swaying railway coach, but he patiently stripped off the outer cover and gingerly removed the detonator. The fuse had worked perfectly, the striker had operated, and the explosive charge was intact: it was the detonator cap which had failed.

Next day in Berlin the leading conspirators met to hear Schlabrendorff's report. They refused to be disheartened. With courage and determination, they resolved to try again.

NEXT WEEK: The bomb plot that nearly ended the war a year sooner

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Facing the truth

TO find the truth isn't so difficult. What is hard is to face up to it when we've found it—particularly truth about ourselves. That's why so many people are alibi experts. They don't explain—they explain away.

It's easy to give reasons for our actions: but to give the *real* reasons often calls for courage. Yet it's worth doing. Other people so often know quite well what we're unwilling to admit.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

HERE I am, a sixteen-year-old bugle boy in India. I went into the Army because I couldn't get a job.

I'd knocked about on my own ever since I was a nipper, and I'd had all sorts of blind-alley jobs. I was really on my uppers after a couple of weeks in London without a penny in my pocket. I slept with the other down-and-outs on the Embankment. I kept alive on a pie that a coffee-stall man gave me each night.

My first job had been as an errand-boy at 10s. a week in Deal, Kent. Although I say it myself, I was the quickest errand-boy in Deal. I was offered 12s. by a rival grocery firm. When my employers agreed to give me a rise to keep me, the others offered 14s. I closed the deal and went to the shop across the road, but a few weeks later they bought a van, so I got my cards.

I was fourteen and decided to go back to London, where I'd been born. I got a job there as a "commis" waiter. One day I opened the lift gates on the fourth floor and shouted to the lift-boy to come and fetch me. But I leaned over too far and sent a tray of eggs and bacon crashing down the shaft. So another job went west.

I walked to Cardiff and got a cabin-boy's job. My ship went to the Argentine, but I found that being clumped round the ear for spilling a tray on deck in a gale was not so funny, and I didn't sign on again.

Then I joined the Army. My aunt bought me out and put me to train to be a draughtsman. I lasted one day, and went back to the Army.

Some time later, I was fooling around, pretending to be knocked over by a boxer. Everyone laughed so much that I decided I ought to be a comedian. So, when I came out of the Army after the war, I tried just that.

Today he is a successful comedian. For his name, turn to page 39

A GIRL'S GOT TO LIVE

Continued from page 11

contract in force, the original agreement having been terminated last autumn when you accepted an increase in pay. As a concession, however, I am prepared to pay you three months' salary, which the cashier will be instructed to give you on the day you leave.

Yours faithfully,
Henry Pawson."

Talbot's solicitor, hastily consulted, offered no hope.

"It's a lousy trick. But from the way he worded his first letter offering you an increase—it was *offered*, mind you, not given, so that he put it on you to accept or refuse—Pawson's within his rights. If you'd consulted me about the letter in the first place, I could have told you what was going on."

"But, damn it all, you don't expect an increase in pay to be a ruddy scorpion in disguise!"

"Agreed—but there it is. What's the custom in your profession about notice? Would it be any good trying to sting him for six months' salary, or a year's? How long have you worked in the firm?"

"Not two years yet," Talbot said slowly.

"Then the best thing you can do is to take his cheque and look for something else."

LEESE was incredulous when he heard the news. "So because you accepted a rise in dough, he can foist you off on three months' notice?"

"So it seems."

"My God," said Leese admiringly, "what an old hyena! Just shows you have to keep your eyes skinned."

The off-hand tone stung Talbot. In a rage his mind always worked more quickly. He lifted the receiver: "Give me Mr. Pawson, please. . . . That you, Pawson? Talbot here. I've got your note. I presume you wish me to leave at once."

"Well, Talbot—h'm!—that is, I imagine—h'm!—you won't altogether wish to leave us in the lurch. I *was* thinking—h'm!—you might work on for a month or two while I'm finding a successor?"

"I daresay I could arrange that, Pawson—though I'm a little surprised at your asking favours." He paused. "Shall we say, then, that I work here for the next six weeks, to help you out, and you give me my three months' salary on the day I leave. Is that what you're suggesting?"

"Very well, Talbot. That seems a perfectly—h'm!—fair arrangement."

Talbot laid the receiver down and looked at Leese. "The next six are going to prove the most miserable weeks in Pawson's long and evil life. If he'd paid me up at once I couldn't so much as shove him down the lift shaft without being guilty of illegal trespass. As it is, I'm licensed to bring all the happiness I can into this gloomy spot for a while longer. . . ."

As art director of Pawson's for the past year and a half Talbot had settled most problems on his own. Once the main lines of campaigns for the various clients were agreed, he and the copy chief had run matters in agreement with the various account executives. Pawson had complained when anything went wrong, also now and then when it hadn't, but on the whole the arrangement was a great relief. It compelled him to let go of details which, because of his own somewhat niggling nature, he had hitherto kept under his control—a personal control for which the firm, though small, was already becoming too big.

Now, however, Talbot did no more settling. "What d'you think about these adaptations, Mr. Talbot?" one of the artists would inquire. "Should we use nine-point type instead of ten for the smaller sizes?"

It was a simple, routine question, but Talbot looked aghast. "*I* can't settle a matter like that. Take it in to Mr. Pawson."

"The drawings for the new fashion catalogues are in," said another. "Will you check through and see if they're O.K.?"

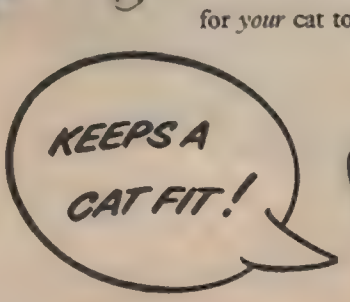
"How many of them are there?"

"About two hundred."

"Have them packed and sent down

Kit-E-Kat feeds a cat

Healthy cats, happy kittens, all as fit as fiddles, thanks to the finest, richest food they've ever eaten — Kit-E-Kat. A rich food, yes — and economical too! Here's a good, big tin packed with all the vitamins and minerals a cat must have for complete nourishment. Ready cooked Kit-E-Kat, ready to serve Kit-E-Kat, and *only one shilling!* What a treat for a puss. Eyes half closed, purring with contentment. Mmm — what a meal! Buy some for *your* cat today.



KIT-E-KAT

THE COMPLETE CAT FOOD

Another Chappie product

CHAPPIE LIMITED OF MELTON MOWBRAY

Sharps

The word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.
of Maidstone
"THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"

"We keep fit ... yes! ... I look after that"

A FIT and happy family is the best proof of a mother's care and forethought. She will realize, of course, the importance to health of well-planned meals. She will also know how helpful it is if the diet can be supplemented, as occasion arises, during the day.

The value of 'Ovaltine' as a food supplement is recognized in many thousands of homes. This delicious beverage—prepared from Nature's best foods—provides nutritive elements and vitamins in a concentrated and easily digestible form.

Every member of the family will enjoy 'Ovaltine'—at any time of the day. And taken at bedtime it helps to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restorative sleep.

THE FAMILY MEAL-TIME DRINK

'Ovaltine' supplements the diet by providing easily digested nourishment from Nature's best foods. Children who dislike milk will drink it readily when 'Ovaltine' is added.

FOR ELEVENSES

There is nothing like 'Ovaltine' as a mid-morning drink or at any time when energy flags. Its quick nourishing qualities will help to keep you going.

WHEN CHILDREN ARE OVER-TIRED

Fast growing active children easily over-tire. An occasional cup of 'Ovaltine' during the day will help to renew the energy they use up so freely.

THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHT-CAP

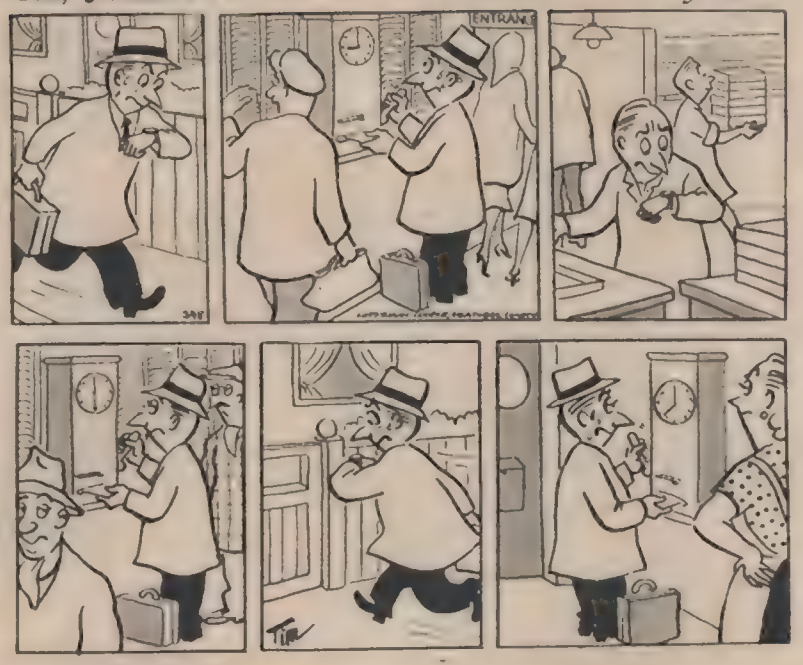
Millions of people the world over regularly drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime. It helps to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restful sleep.

OVALTINE

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Great Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 *per tin.* P.857A

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



to Mr. Pawson with a memo. Oh, and he'll need all the garments for comparison. See if the firm can let us have them back!"

When Pawson, white-faced—he always went white when he was furious—insisted that no more details be referred to him, Talbot passed everything through the account executives, who had already quite as much work as they could manage, and in particular to Makins, whom he referred to always as "Mr. Pawson's personal help."

In plaguing his employer, Talbot exercised a perverse ingenuity that provided the office with a minor sensation almost daily. For a week the list of Pawson's engagements, laid every morning on his blotting-pad, began with the words: "10.00 Consult psycho-analyst"—though his tearful secretary assured him she had no notion how it could have got there, and even showed him carbons without the incriminating words.

On Pawson's return from lunch one afternoon, he found a funeral wreath laid in his chair, the black-edged card inscribed: "To the memory of a hard-working colleague." No one had seen it brought into the building; the porter had received no package; nothing had come up in the lift.

NEXT day, a notice appeared on the firm's board: it could hardly have been there ten minutes before being torn down by Makins, but in that short time everyone had seen it. "On account of the extraordinary profits the firm has been making over the past year, the directors are prepared to receive applications for increase in salary. These should be sent immediately in writing to Mr. Pawson."

But it was when they met, as they were obliged occasionally to meet, in conference, that Talbot enjoyed himself most. He would listen to Pawson with so profound an attention that he, losing all thread, would relapse into volleys of "h'ms."

When Makins tried to help his employer out, Talbot broke in: "I'm afraid you haven't been following Mr. Pawson, Makins: *that* isn't what he was saying at all. Mr. Pawson's point is that his client can be pushed into spending far more money next year if we only go about it the right way. Some more of the old research ballyhoo for a start, eh, Pawson?"

But though Talbot scored off his employer in a dozen ways, and the office thrived on the sensation, they were all, as he well knew, pin-pricks. The real laugh, deep and satisfying, remained with the boss who'd got rid of a man he didn't want, without having to pay up on his contract.

"What'll you do when you wind up here?" Leese asked. "Only a couple of weeks left, isn't there?"

"Go back to my own work, of course. Ought never to have left it."

"Seems a pity. Pawson takes you out of what you were doing, then when he's fed up, simply chucks you back. It leaves him with the victory."

"I can't order my life just so as to score off Pawson."

"'Course not. Still, it would be nice if, in ordering it to suit yourself, you happened to score off Pawson." Leese waited a moment, then: "There's another thing that would be worrying me. The Corbeau drawings. What if Pawson just refuses to pay for them?"

Talbot scratched his head. "I should think he'd have to. After all, I'd authority to act on his behalf."

"Not so sure; he expressly told you *not* to buy the ruddy things. It's quite possible he could make you pay the difference between what you promised and what he'll call a reasonable price."

"I might have tried writing to Corbeau," Talbot suggested, "but the fact is he's extremely hot on the dough. His agent told me if you were to leave Corbeau in a room with a cheque made out to himself which he couldn't quite reach, before morning he'd be crackers."

"H'm; position does seem a trifle sticky, doesn't it?"

Talbot looked up. "Why this concern for me? Got something on your mind?"

"As a matter of fact," Leese admitted, "I *have* got the haziest outline of a plan . . . but I don't want to push it if you're getting out of advertising anyway."

"What's the plan?"

"Sunfine Fabrics are looking for a new advertising manager. . . ."

"The devil they are! Think they'd want me?"

"I should think you'd stand a pretty fair chance. After all, you've worked on their account."

Talbot scratched his head and selected another paper clip, grinning. "I daresay they'd buy the Corbeau drawings, in that case. They were done for them. In the excitement of signing me up, a few hundred pounds here or there wouldn't matter much."

Leese got up. "I've got a line or two on the Sunfine people; one of the directors is coming up to town next week. If you're interested, we might take him out for an evening and see how you get on."

"If I'm interested!" said Talbot. "If I were advertising manager of Sunfine I couldn't half twist old Pawson's tail. Why, I'd do practically nothing else all day!"

IT had been a long evening, beginning with cocktails at a hotel and progressing, through dinner, to a late show at a theatre club.

Twice the Sunfine director suggested they might get down to brass tacks, but Talbot stopped him. "I'll come along and talk business any time you please, but tonight I want you to enjoy yourself. . . ."

"But——"

Leese cut short the elderly director. "That girl that's just passed—she's the new starlet there's so much fuss about. The man she's with is a script-writer for Barking studios—you might care to meet him. . . ."

When the time came to separate, Talbot could hardly keep his eyes open, but he allowed no sign to appear. "Sure you're ready to go home? We could easily slip along to the '22.' Always a few interesting people there."

Mercifully, the director had had enough.

"A wonderful evening," he said. "Most interesting people. Call in at my hotel around six tomorrow if you can, and we'll have the business talk we didn't get tonight."

It was Talbot's last morning in the office. He had made Leese promise to say nothing about his future plans; he meant to keep them as a surprise for Pawson. Now the moment had come to let the cat out of the bag, and hope that it carried a good scratch. . . .

"Miss Grieve! Just take this memo to Mr. Pawson, will you? 'Mr. Pawson from Mr. Talbot. . . . You will wish to know the state of the accounts on which I have been working: I attach progress reports in every case. As regards staff, I believe you have not yet appointed my successor.'"

He paused for a moment, thoughtfully. "'My advice would be not to confine yourself to that one appointment, but to go down the firm, from top to bottom, making changes throughout. May I emphasize the words *from top to bottom*.

"'I know you will be anxious about my own future plans. The Sunfine Company have been good enough to offer me the post of advertising manager, basing the appointment on the work I have done for them in the past eighteen months and in particular on their satisfaction with the lately commissioned Corbeau drawings. So we shall from time to time sit at the same table, even if we no longer sit on the same side.'"

"Is that all, Mr. Talbot?" Miss Grieve asked, tight-lipped.

"Not quite, Miss Grieve. Take this as a separate memo. 'Mr. Pawson from Mr. Talbot. . . . I should like my last words to be a plea on behalf of Miss Grieve. I find it difficult to describe my feelings over the service she has given me, so much in line with the tradition of the Pawson firm. I can only hope that, by working loyally on my behalf, she has not interfered with her own chances of promotion.'"

"Oh, Mr. Talbot. . . ."

Talbot put his feet on the desk, leaned back, and closed his eyes. "Don't try to thank me now, Grievie. Say it some other time."

A moment later, not hearing the door close, he looked up. Miss Grieve was standing in front of him, her pale face flushed and with tears rolling down her cheeks. "It's all very well for you," she burst out. "You're clever. You can afford to defy people like Pawson. I can't. I always *wanted* to act loyally. . . ."

HE put his feet down. Tears always upset him, but tears from Grievie. . . . "You mean, 'a girl's got to live,' eh, Grievie? Yes, I suppose she has. But showing Pawson a friendly note I sent you wasn't a good way of living. In fact, it was a lousy way."

"I know, I know," Miss Grieve exclaimed wildly. "But what do I do now? If I stay here, I'll always have to behave like that—and I don't want to. It makes me seem horrible."

Talbot hesitated, reached for a paper clip—then suddenly stood up and patted Miss Grieve's shoulder. "O.K.," he said. "I believe you. I'll see whether they'll let me take you with me to Sunfine."

As Miss Grieve rushed wildly out of the room, Talbot sat back in his chair, astonished at his own behaviour. He'd acted entirely on impulse, without any of his usual calculation: this was either the wisest or the silliest thing he'd ever done. He supposed he would know the answer before long.

THE END

BEWARE—SHARKS!

Continued from page 17

took everything so quietly, as though he expected it, and some of the chaps tried to stir him out of it.

"Gawd, if I was you I'd tell the mate to crawl through his own blasted bilges. That's a job ought to be done in dry-dock, not at sea."

Smith just smiled. "I can take it," he said.

Once I asked him straight out. "Look here," I said when I was dishing him out a particularly sticky job, "this is none of my doing. I've got to take orders, same as the rest. I don't know what it's all about. Do you?"

He looked away. "That's all right, Bos', it isn't anything to do with you. I know what it's about, all right." Just that, and then he walked away.

That put me in the clear, but it didn't solve anything; except that it made me certain the trouble, whatever it was, had started before Smith joined this ship. Maybe he and the skipper had been together in some other ship. Maybe they knew each other ashore. But if that was so, why had Smith signed on?

My room-mate, Chips, had one idea. "It's nothing to do with anything that happened before," he said. "It's because they're too much alike. Two quiet 'uns, that's what they are. The Old Man is trying to break the kid's spirit and young Smith won't let him."

THINGS came to a head one Sunday morning at captain's inspection. Just before it began young Smith got a photograph of a woman out of his kit and set it up over his bunk. He didn't say who the woman was, and nobody asked. She was too old to be his girl friend, but somehow did not look like his mother. Too stiff and starchy to be anyone's mother, if you know what I mean; a real tartar of a woman.

The skipper arrived, all brass hat and best uniform, with the mate, chief engineer and chief steward trailing after him.

The Old Man saw the picture as soon as he came into the fo'c'sle. He went rigid. You could see his eyes pop at it. He just took one glance round the rest of the room, then barked, "Who gave permission for all these photographs? Take them all down. This is a ship, not a picture gallery."

We all gaped. I've been in a few ships, but I've never heard an order like that before.

Only one man spoke—one of the oldest hands. "Excuse me, Captain," he said, fixing the skipper with a watery blue eye and pointing to a picture over his own bunk, "that's my wife."

The Old Man knew he was in the wrong, but he tried to bluster it out. He snapped, "I can't help that. I won't have all this decoration."

The men took it badly. Nobody blamed Smith, though it was evident his picture had caused the flare-up.

"What the hell does he think we are?" one of them said. "There are plenty more ships on the sea."

So I went to the mate. "If this goes on," I told him, "we'll be losing all our best men at the end of the trip. We've had some of them for years, but they won't sign again. I'm not sure that I will myself."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Tell the skipper we want the pictures back, and lay off young Smith yourself."

That was straight, but I knew the mate had sufficient sense to take it from me.

Well, we got the pictures back. Next day the mate said, "You can have decent photographs, but no pin-ups."

That was all right. There hadn't been any pin-ups, except a couple of

"I'm tough on cuffs and collars . . so that's for me!"

1 spare collar

2 spare cuffs

Also in tunic style

Be happy with PLUSMORE. Just when it's ready for oblivion bring out the spare collar and/or cuffs we gave you, send all to us via your PLUSMORE retailer. We sew on the spares, and lo!—you have a new PLUSMORE!

Don't forget the son and heir. For him one spare collar, a piece of material for mending and spare buttons.

ALL PLUSMORES are fully shrunk and generously proportioned—comfortable in wear and good to look at!

Write for Brochure today

PLUSMORE Shirts

Manufactured by Robert R. Buck & Sons Ltd., Carlisle.

We all play—

CONTACT QUIZ

The ELECTRIC game with FLASHING answers

Here's a grand electrical quiz game, simple to use and exciting to play. Provides endless fun for your party and hours of amusement when alone.

Questions are asked and if the answer is right on goes the light.

Complete with twelve quiz cards at good toy shops and stores 15/-

Series of six extra cards 2/6

(Three different series available).

From good toy shops and stores.

If your dealer cannot supply write for descriptive leaflet and name of nearest stockist.

J. W. SPEAR & SONS LTD., DEPT. J.B.

ENFIELD, MIDDLESEX

film stars someone had cut out of a magazine. Nobody wanted them.

Young Smith did not put his photograph up again. Nobody saw it any more. And, funnily enough, the skipper didn't come round on inspection next Sunday. He said he was busy, and got the mate to deputize for him.

Another thing: after that, the skipper and the mate both left young Smithie alone; whether it was because of what I'd said or not, I didn't know. I got a chance of putting him on proper sailor's work and teaching him a thing or two he ought to know. In the evenings he used to work at his navigation books. He said he was going to have another crack at his ticket when he got home.

We anchored in the river off Puerto Mexico soon after that. We were bound up the river to the big refinery at Minatitlan, but the berths up there were full, so we were told to wait.

Nobody minded. The mate got stages rigged over the side for painting, which is a job you can't do at sea, and a tanker is not often in port long enough to have a real go at it. It was so hot working over the side that every few minutes one of the lads would drop his paint brush in the river and drop in after it. I reckon there was as much time spent swimming as there was painting.

WE swam in the evenings, too. That is, we did until we saw a motor launch towing a dead shark along, caught a couple of hundred yards down river from us. After that, we got cautious, and there weren't so many paint brushes dropped; and when we did swim in the evening we had a chap standing by on deck as lookout.

When the skipper or any of the officers went in they had the accommodation ladder lowered. The rest of us used rope ladders. The main thing was to get out quick if our lookout yelled, "Shark!"

I got out quickly enough the evening young Smithie was keeping lookout. He yelled so hard his voice broke on the top note.

"Look out—sharks!"

There were half a dozen of us in the water, including one or two of the officers, and the skipper. We all got out in quick time and ran along the deck asking Smithie where it was, and pretty soon we saw it—a big black fin cruising in from sea.

The second mate said something about catching it, and someone went off for a line and hook, and a chunk of meat for bait. I suppose we were so busy over that, we didn't notice that the skipper hadn't come back with the rest of us.

He was over on the other side of the ship; maybe that's why he didn't hear Smithie yell the first time. Of course we all shouted as soon as we realized.

This time he heard and came swimming towards us.

So did the shark; but whether he had seen the man in the water or not I wouldn't like to say. They say a shark never attacks a swimming man; personally I've never waited to find out.

The skipper did wait. At least, it looked like that, because he suddenly stopped swimming. Then he flung up his hand and shouted, and we knew what had got him. Cramp.

I jumped on the rail. I'm not a hero, but I was nearest. I kind of hoped someone would beat me to it, or at least that half a dozen of us would go in at once, because I reckoned that would scare the shark off.

I did not expect to be stopped by Smithie. He was about the last man who'd care if a shark got the skipper, you'd have thought. But it was Smithie who grabbed me round the waist and pulled me off the rail.

"Get out," he said. "This is my job."

Then he went in, making a clean, sweet dive straight off the top rail.

I went in after him. I went in with a splash and kept on splashing, that being my intention. I couldn't see the shark, but some of the lads started throwing planks of wood, and I guessed they were aiming at the shark. So I gave up splashing and went to help Smithie, who was struggling with the skipper.

It was tough going. The skipper was a heavy man, and still full of life.

"Hit him," I said. "Knock him out."

Smithie gave me a kind of grin and gasped, "I did, but he wouldn't go out."

BY the time we had let him go under a few more times, however, he quietened down. Then someone threw us a rope, and we were towed into the gangway, and about a dozen hands grabbed us and pulled us all out. The mate and the stewards carried the skipper away to his bunk. Smithie and I lay on deck letting the water run out of us.

A couple of hours later, the skipper sent for Smithie. He was not away long, but when he came back he looked kind of pleased with himself, and his eyes were shining.

"All hunky-dory now?" I asked him. "Buried the hatchet and all that?"

"All hunky-dory," he said, "and the Old Man sends his kind regards and says tell the mate he's to give you a tot of rum."

"Right," I said, "that's a date. But before I go for it, there's one question I want to ask you. What did you mean by saying it was your job to save the Old Man?"

Smithie grinned at me for a moment, and then he said quietly, "Well, I suppose I may as well tell you, seeing all hands will know fairly soon. It *was* my job because . . . well, because the skipper is my father."

I was knocked back for a minute. I mean, it was easy enough afterwards to realize how much alike they were, and I remembered what Chips had said about them being the same type.

I said, "But what about the way he treated you? A week or so ago I'd have said he hated your guts."

Smithie sighed. "He didn't really. But we'd had a row. You see, I failed for my ticket. There were other things, too. I messed about a bit. Got the sack from my last ship. You know what the Old Man is. He wouldn't forgive that in a hurry."

He looked out across the river, and then up towards the skipper's cabin, and laughed. "We had a hell of a row. He disowned me. I said all right, I'd sign on some ship as A.B. to earn my keep. He dared me to sign on his ship. Said he'd raise hell for me and prove I wasn't a man. So I did."

I laughed, too. Chips was right. The two of them were a proper pair. Then I said: "There's another thing—why did he shy at that photo of yours? It wasn't your mother, was it?"

He grinned. "Oh, that. That was just to get his goat. No, I haven't a mother. She died years ago. That picture was my Aunt Sarah, the old man's sister. She brought me up and thinks I've got angel's wings. When I put her picture up, the old man knew what I meant. If he didn't let up on me I'd tell the old lady. She's the only thing in the world he's afraid of."

THE END

"If you'll step over to our men's department, I'll be glad to show you what else we have in your size"

ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 9

his head and clumsily twisted it tightly round his shoulder. Somehow he struggled to his feet, standing straddle-legged, and then everything went round and round and black. It cleared and he was sitting on the rock.

Some stubborn instinct took him. The North Star was shining clearly; in the other direction, south, where the landings were, he saw a rock. He pushed himself to his feet and stumbled towards the rock, blacking out as he reached it, and sank down. As the mists cleared he saw another rock and lurched towards it. Vaguely he remembers doing that again and again, getting weaker and with the blackouts coming more frequently.

Dawn was lighting the sky and he knew he could not go on much longer. Lying still to conserve his strength, he saw some soldiers moving about forty yards away, but could not tell whether they were British or German. With a last effort he got to his feet again, took a few steps and fell on his face.

Someone was rolling him over and dimly he saw men moving and bending over him. He saw that they were Germans, but by now he was almost past caring. One of them brought a stretcher; they lifted him on to it and carried him for a while.

When they put him down an officer was leaning over him, and he saw it was the officer who had led the execution party a few hours before. The officer was saying: "The commander has ordered you to be shot. What is your last request?" Snell said faintly: "Why are you shooting me?"

"For spying on the aerodrome."

"I'm a British flying officer shot down yesterday. Why can't you look at the things you took off me?"

"The commander says you are a spy."

"I want to see the commander. That is my last request."

The officer said, "Wait here," as though Snell might get up and run away. Three German soldiers with rifles over their shoulders walked up and stood awkwardly by, looking the other way. The execution squad!

The officer came back. He said: "Were you from Malta?"

"Yes."

"What is your squadron number?" Snell rolled his head over the other way

Continued on page 39

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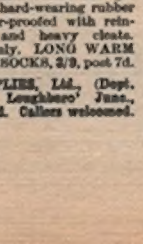

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ESCAPE—OR DIE

Continued from page 36

on the stretcher and said faintly after a few seconds: "I won't tell you that. You know I won't."

The German gave a tight and not unkindly smile. He said, "All right. You will go to a hospital." He took out a cigarette, put it in Snell's mouth and lit it, but Snell was too exhausted to draw on it. Later, they loaded him into a truck and he had a bumpy and hellish ride to a German field hospital up towards Catania.

When he got there he could no longer move his head or arms. They gave him a blood transfusion and spent a long time discovering, probing and dressing the following wounds: one bullet between the fingers of the right hand; two bullets in the right shoulder; two bullets through the left arm; one bullet graze on the left hip; one bullet, and part of one, chipping the spine and coming to rest near it; fifteen pieces of grenade in the body and legs, one piece severing the radial nerve of the left wrist.

"Bring Up The Tanks"

For some days he lay in a stupor, and when they stopped pumping the drugs into him he had a lot of pain, but he could also feel the strength coming back into him. He started to think about escape several days before the doctor told him that he was not going to die.

They took him to Messina, lying in an open truck under a scorching sun, and loaded him on to a hospital ship in a bed next to an English officer who had a bullet in his head and kept shouting, "Bring up the tanks, bring up the tanks," until he died.

A week later Snell was in an Italian prison hospital in Lucca, ten miles from Pisa. Being young he mended fast, and in a few weeks was able to get out of bed. He started escape training immediately, walking about the ward at first and then taking to tramping round the prison garden, increasing the distance each day, so he would be ready if a chance came. From his Red Cross invalid parcels he started hoarding chocolate, soup cubes and Horlicks tablets.

In September, a few days after the Allies invaded Italy, there was a flurry at the hospital and the orderlies went round grinning and saying that Allied troops had landed nearby; there was going to be an armistice and by the following morning they would be safe. That night they held a thanksgiving service and were too excited to sleep much.

But in the morning it was the Germans who arrived. A week later the new masters loaded all the prisoners on to a hospital train for Germany.

Jumped From Train

As they rattled past Bologna, Snell—though his right arm was still in a sling—teamed up with a British Army major named Peter Lewis to jump from the carriage window. Lewis was a good tough type; he had a big moustache, an M.C. and three wounds from the Sicily landing, where he had been captured.

The train was panting up a hill; two Army officers started quarrelling with a guard at the end of the carriage, the man in the bottom bunk yanked the window down and Snell lowered his feet through the opening. His feet found a ledge. For a moment he hung on, then jumped, rolled over on the stony ground beside the line, picked himself up and ran into some bushes just off the track.

The train clanked into the night, and Snell, in the moments of aloneness by the rails, felt the tides of new emotions, a sense of vulnerability, exposed and defenceless, blending with the knowledge that fear and crisis lay ahead but not, perhaps, life.

NEXT WEEK: Out with the Italian Partisans. Escape across the mountains

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 33 is of Norman Wisdom.

ENJOY THIS EVENING WITH THIS £1,000 COMPETITION PAGE!

XWORD PRIZES value up to

£200

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE

Awards value £25 amongst 1st Runners-up and up to 50 JOHNNY-BASKETS

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries, each value £2—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "Signposts" for 2nd Runners-up

INSTRUCTIONS: First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 3.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

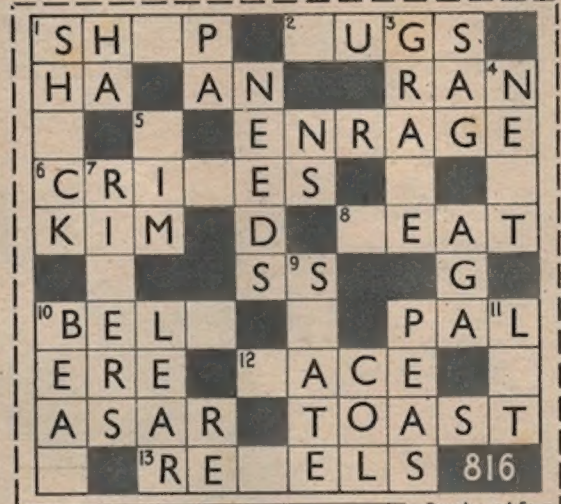
ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 816, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Across Clues — XWORD 816

1. Stewards can be helpful here
2. May well make a person glow underneath
6. Ordinary citizen isn't likely to regard these lightly
8. It's natural for us to associate red with this
10. Many a plant is distinguished by
12. This of accused might well tell against him because of its effect on jury
13. There's a type of politician that does this when stirring up strife

Down Clues

1. When young married couple is offered accommodation it may prove to be
3. Needs considerable attention at times
4. Quotations for different diaries are this as a rule
5. An asset for an ambitious man
7. Slow ones may occasionally foam at the mouth
9. Is in some cases relied upon for the roof over one's head
10. Often seems to add loveliness to a beautiful girl
11. A sports ground occasionally is this



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright

XWORD 816

Closing Postmark MONDAY, DEC. 15

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

XWORD 811 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Rash. 3, Paper. 5, Joy. 9, Bold. 13, Pecked. 14, Kip. DOWN: 1, Roles. 2, Horse. 4, Rock. 6, Job. 7, March. 8, Foil. 10, Waste. 11, Sleep. 12, Gasp.

TWO £100 SHARERS: A. N. Collier, 68 Maescynon, Hirwaun, Aberdare, Glam; J. Evans, 11 Osterley Street, Briton Ferry, Glam. Each winner also receives fine Christmas Dinner.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 18 entrants, each of whom receives Xmas Fowl and Pudding in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WHO'S NEXT for TV?

DOUBLE good fortune can be *yours* for entering this week's best *Bullet*! A £500 cheque to make 1953 prosperous from the start—plus a television set of your choice (value up to £75) to provide a stream of entertainment and historic viewing in your home for the coming Coronation year.

Already fifteen JOHN BULL readers enjoy *Bullets* TV—one of them you see here, with her husband and son. She is Mrs. M. Oldfield (10 Treorchy Street, Cardiff), who chose that receiver to accompany the £500 she won last year.

You can be the next reader to win £500 and TV—but only if you post your *Bullets* coupon by Monday, December 15. Many additional cheques, including a £100 Crossword First, are among other attractions on this £1,000 page!

"BULLETS" PRIZES value over

£800

£500 1st PRIZE plus TELEVISION SET up to value of £75

From your dealer's stock you choose any TV model costing up to £75—JOHN BULL pays the bill for it! (Extra cheque in lieu if preferred.)

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5,

10 of £2 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards

FINE FOWL BONUSES

Fine roasting chicken accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

"Bullets" Winners No. 1,859

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Hamper: J. G. Watt, 6 Thistle Place, Aberdeen:

Coughing And Sneezing "Alarm"—Get *Into* Bed!

£50 plus Hamper: Miss M. C. Holmes, 104 Broadway, Walsall: PICTURE OF TOMORROW—STARRING MAN "MANNING" STARS?

£25 plus Hamper: A. H. Kirby, 48 Winterton Road, Birmingham: WITH OPEN ARMS—AND OPEN WOUNDS, PEACE.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: E. O'Brien, 57 Cowgate, Dundee: THEY CALL IT PROGRESS, BUT—CAVE-MAN'S "ARSENAL" *Filled* "CUPBOARD"! £10: H. F. Northwood, 84 Hollington Old Lane, St. Leonards-on-Sea: THREATENING—POLICEMAN'S WIDOW, *Poverty's* "PISTOL." £5: P. Beattie, 32 Bedford Road, Aberdeen: ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND—SHIP OF *Peace* "VAPORIZED"? £5: J. Carmichael, 346 Dean Road, South Shields: CHARGED WITH ONLY—*Ordinary* ROBBERY, ALMOST TESTIMONIAL! £5: W. J. Sibley, 21 Richmond Street, Barton Hill, Bristol: THREATENING—WORLD, "SAUCERS"? EMPTY PLATES! £5: A. F. Smith, 1 Summercrofts Avenue, New Holland, Barrow-on-Humber: IN THE WHITE HOUSE—BEAMING SOLDIER—SHINING POLITICIAN? £5: L. Stenton, 16 Hopedale Road, Frecheville, Sheffield: ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND—ATOMIC MISSION, AFTER *Missionary*! Above seven winners each also receives Hamper.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Hamper, see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Fowls have been notified and 1,500 "Good Shots" posted.

HOW TO WIN

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in JOHN BULL, dated January 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, December 27, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,864 result.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

On The Peace Ship
We Try To Save, But
Idol Of Millions
Big Business
Old British Custom
Molly-coddling
Turn Over A New Leaf And
Arms, Housing, Health
For The People
The Wintry Blast
Does No Good
Flogged
With Hate In His Heart
Television Addict
As If It Mattered
Deceived Her
Win Or Lose
Great Fun
Like A Beacon
Made A Mess Of It

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The.....Menace
Wouldn't Think Of.....
At The.....Door
Terribly.....
Hobnobbing With.....
If.....Doesn't Mind

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,864, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPERS NEXT WEEK!

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... } EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

B.

EX. .....

B.

Closing Postmark **1,864** Monday Dec. 15.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

HUGE NEW OFFER COMING—SECURE YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated January 3. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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Jack's Brainwave

He found a way to make her dreams come true

SCRAM, YOU LITTLE NUISANCE! YOU KNOW I WON'T HAVE YOU IN HERE ON MONDAYS
YOU KNOW, BETTY, MAYBE YOU WERE A BIT HARD ON THE NIPPER
IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO TALK... YOU HAVEN'T THE WASHING TO DO!
NOW, IF ONLY I HAD A WASHING MACHINE...
BETTY'S ON AT ME TO GET HER A WASHING MACHINE. ON MY WAGES SHE MIGHT AS WELL ASK FOR THE MOON
I BET YOU COULD AFFORD ONE, JACK, IF YOU SPENT WISELY ON YOUR SMOKES!
BUT WHAT YOU SMOKE CAN'T MAKE ALL THAT DIFFERENCE
CAN'T IT! SINCE THE WIFE AND I CHANGED TO BAR ONE WERE 10/- A WEEK BETTER OFF, THEY'RE REALLY FINE SMOKES, TOO
CHAP WAS TELLING ME TODAY WE COULD SAVE A LOT OF MONEY BY SWITCHING TO BAR ONE. NOW, ABOUT THAT WASHING MACHINE...
JACK, THAT'S A BRAINWAVE!
MY WORD! YOU'RE EARLY TODAY, MRS. BROWN
YES, THANKS TO OUR NEW WASHING MACHINE
COME TO THINK OF IT, IT'S REALLY THANKS TO BAR ONE!
BAR ONE
BAR
BAR ONE
CIGARETTES
10 BAR ONE 10

Bar One

the new favourite at ten for 1/4d

All over the country, people who used to smoke standard size cigarettes are saving money by changing to Bar One. Thanks to clever blending and shrewd tobacco buying, Bar One have that satisfying quality flavour that suits *all tastes*. People say it's just the right kind of cigarette, at the right price.

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